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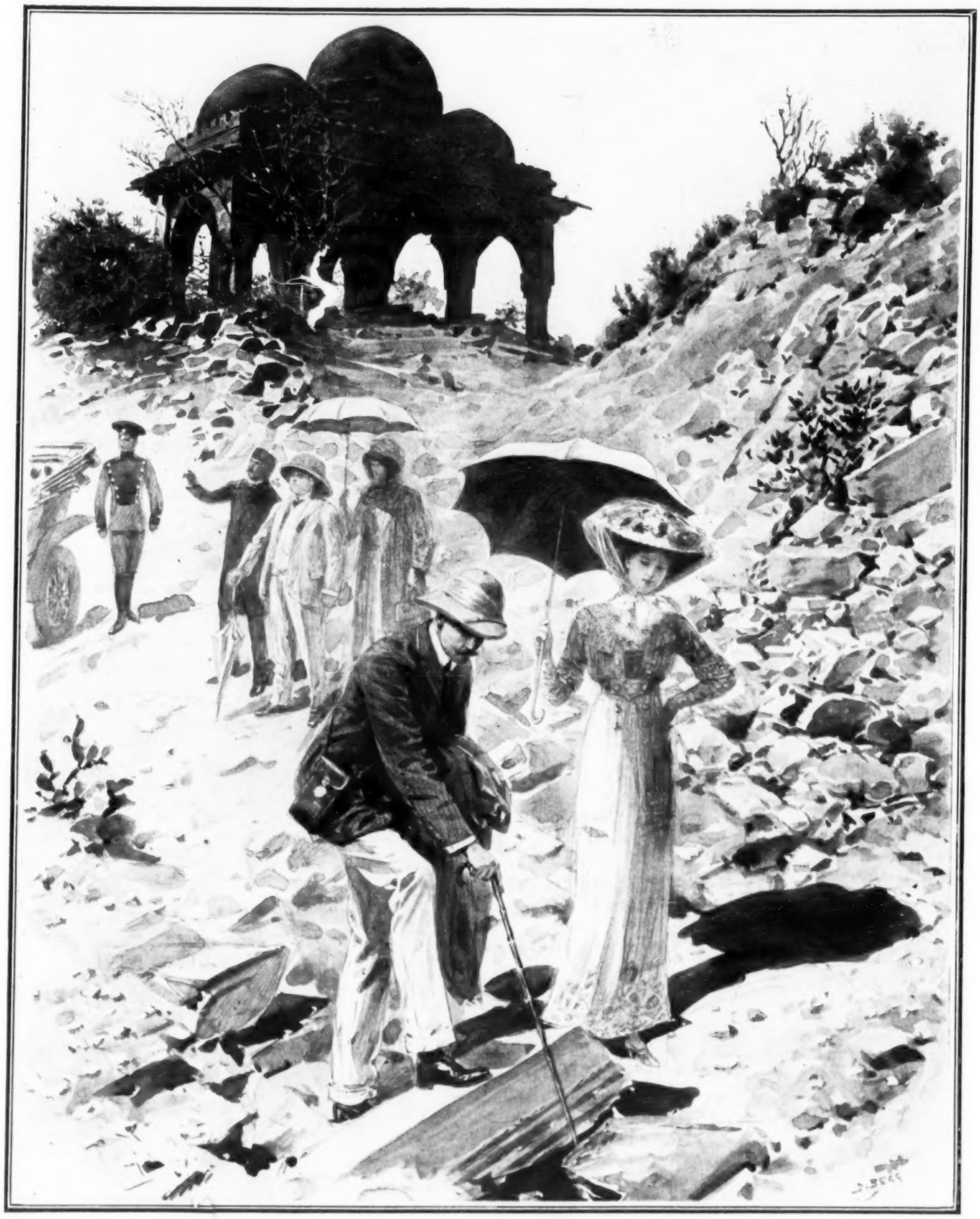

SIGNS OF DEAD GLORIES WHICH ARE TO BE MADE ALIVE: RUINS OF OLD DELHI—OBJECTS OF INTEREST TO VISITORS TO DELHI FOR THE DURBAR.

The ancient capital of the Moguls is to regain its proud position, its dead glories are to live again: the King-Emperor has spoken. Delhi, always a centre of intense historic interest, is to add still further to its claims upon the imagination and the consideration. Even before the epoch-making proclamation, visitors to Delhi for the Durbar found the ruins of old Delhi a continual fascination. "Literally for miles," writes our Special Artist, "the plain is covered with these ruins: in some cases only the merest traces of the ancient buildings remain. They are a few miles outside the present city." Evidently here is rich soil for the spade of the archæologist.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN INDIA FOR THE DURBAR.

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CHESS.

To Correspondents.—*Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.*

H Maxwell Prideaux, E J Winter-Wood, W H Gundry, C H Morano, F R Gittins, A R Hann, and H J M.—Your problems shall severally appear in due course

The Chess Editor thanks numerous correspondents for their season's greetings, and in turn sends the same to all friends of the column.

Correct Solution of Problem No. 3521 received from M Shaida Ali Khan Peshkar (Rampur); of No. 3524 from J Laidlaw (Kelso), J B Camara (Madeira), C Barretto (Madrid), J Deering (Wicklow), Jacob Verrall (Rodmell), Hereward, and H Baxter (Tayport); of No. 3525 from H S Brandreth (Cimiez), Major Buckley (Instow), W Best (Dorchester), Egbert Ratcliffe (Wendover), Hereward, James A Innes (Bridge of Allan), and Ph. Lehzen (Hanover).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 3526 received from J Stackhouse (Torquay), W Winter (Medstead), H R Thompson, W Lillie (Marple), J Churcher (Southampton), W Best (Dorchester), H Baxter, H S Brandreth, L Schlu (Vienna), J D Tucker (Ilkley), Major Buckley, J Green (Boulogne), J Cohn (Berlin), W T (Canterbury), R Worters (Canterbury), Rev. J Christie (Redditch), and H J M.

Solution of Problem No. 3525.—By J. Paul Taylor.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P to Kt 8th (a Rook)	P to R 8th (a Kt)
2. R to Kt 7th	K takes R
3. R to Kt sq (dis ch and mate)	

If Black play 1. P to R 8th (a Q), then 2. R to Q B 8th, etc. There is, however, another solution by 1. P to Kt 8th (a Q), 1. P to R 8th (a Kt); 2. K to Q sq, 2. P to Q 7th; 3. Q to Kt 5th (mate).

Problem No. 3528.—By C. C. W. Mann.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

As usual at Christmas, we give our selection of chess brevities from first-class play, and a dish of chess-nuts as our contribution to the season's fare.

CHESS IN AUSTRIA.

Game played between Messrs. Marshall and Chotimirsky.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P takes P
4. P to K 3rd	P to Q R 3rd
5. Kt to K 5th	Kt to Q 2nd

All this is a refreshing departure from the ordinary dull routine of the Queen's Pawn Game.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
6. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
7. B takes P	B to B 3rd
8. Castles	B to Q 3rd
9. Kt to B 3rd	Q to R 5th

Black has quickly wrested the attack from his opponent, but his impetuosity is his danger.

WHITE (Mr. M.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
10. P to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd
11. B to Q 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th
12. P to K R 3rd	Q to Kt 6th

A curious oversight. Black was quite sure he had won the game, and exultingly proclaimed the fact, until he suddenly discovered the reply, when he at once hauled down his flag.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament, of the Brooklyn Chess Club, between Messrs. Rubbel and Magnus Smith.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt takes P	P to Q 3rd
4. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th
6. B to Q 3rd	B to K 2nd
7. Castles	B to K Kt 5th
8. R to K sq	Kt to Q B 3rd
9. Kt to B 3rd	

P to Q B 4th is here the right move.

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
9.	P to K B 4th
10. Kt to K 2nd	B to Q 3rd

Threatening B takes Kt, 12. P takes B, B takes R P (ch), 13. K takes B, Q to R 5th (ch), etc, with a winning attack.

WHITE (Mr. R.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
11. Kt to K 5th	Castles
12. P to K B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
13. B takes Kt	B P takes B
14. P takes Kt	B to B 4th (ch)
15. Kt to Q 4th	P takes P

White resigns. This game was declared the most brilliant in the Tournament, but was not awarded the prize because in the same Tournament Mr. Magnus Smith had obtained the prize for the best specimen of sound play.

SOME HOLIDAY PROBLEMS.

No. 1.—By B. G. Laws.

White: K at K R 3rd, Q at Q Kt 7th, Rs at K B 3rd and K Kt 6th, B at K Kt sq, Kt at K B 2nd, Ps at K B 5th and Q Kt 6th.
Black: K at K 4th, R at Q 4th, B at K B sq.

White mates in two moves.

No. 2.—By T. Taverner.

White: K at K B 3rd, Q at K R 2nd, Rs at K sq and K 4th, Kt at Q R 2nd, Bs at K R sq and K Kt sq, Ps at Q 2nd, Q B 2nd, and K 6th.
Black: K at Q 4th, B at Q R 4th, Kt at Q Kt 3rd, Ps at Q 2nd, K B 3rd, and Q B 3rd

White mates in two moves.

No. 3.—By H. Maxwell-Prideaux.

White: K at K sq, R at Q R sq, Bs at K 2nd and Q 4th, Kt at Q 6th, P at K B 5th.
Black: K at Q B 7th, P at Q Kt 5th.

White mates in two moves.

No. 4.—By H. D'O. Bernard.

White: K at Q B 4th, Rs at K B 3rd and K B 5th, P at Q Kt 4th.
Black: K at K 5th, Ps at Q B 4th and K B 3rd.

White mates in three moves.

No. 5.—By E. J. Winter-Wood.

White: K at K R 4th, Q at Q R 6th, Kts at Q 4th and K B 4th, B at Q Kt sq, P at Q B 2nd.
Black: K at Q R 8th, Ps at Q Kt 4th, Q R 5th, Q Kt 6th and 7th.

White mates in three moves.

No. 6.—By Godfrey Heathcote.

White: K at K Kt 8th, Q at Q Kt 6th, B at K R 7th, Ps at K 3rd and Q R 2nd.
Black: K at Q 4th, P at K 2nd.

White mates in three moves.

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PARLIAMENT.

THE session which closed last Saturday, when the royal assent was given by commission to the Insurance Act and other measures, had an extraordinary record not only in duration, but in legislative production. As many as fifty-five Government Bills, headed by the Parliament Act, and ten private Members' Bills were passed. Among those completed in the final week was the Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill, which sets up a Land Court, and also establishes a separate Board of Agriculture north of the Border. From this new Board, however, on account of the action of the House of Lords, the administration of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act is witheld, so that there may be uniformity in the matter throughout Great Britain. As the Finance Bill was declared by the Speaker not to be a Money Bill within the meaning of the Parliament Act, it might have been held up like any other measure by the Peers, but they passed it with little comment. In conformity also with their declared intention, they refrained from any independent attempt to recast the Insurance Bill, and merely made a protest against the manner in which it had been scamped and hurried. On the other hand, the Peers threw out the Naval Prize Bill and the Metropolitan Police Rate Bill. A long and animated debate took place in the Commons on the eve of the prorogation on the appointments of magistrates to the County Bench. Mr. Neil Primrose, who spoke from the Radical quarter below the gangway, and whose voice and gestures resembled his father's, attacked the Lord Chancellor for complaisance to Conservative Lords Lieutenant, and suggested that he was influenced by social considerations. The Prime Minister rebuked Mr. Primrose for his imputations on Lord Loreburn, declaring, amid cheers, that there was no man in political life whose conduct was more scrupulously regulated by the highest considerations. He was warmly defended also by Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Healy, and the motion of censure was rejected by 131 votes to 39.

OUR SUPPLEMENT.

THE wreck of the *Delhi* has turned all thoughts towards the perils of the sea. No doubt, however, Jack on board ship enjoys his Christmas cheer as much as anyone, for little recks he if "there is a whole gale of wind and a blackened sky," or "when the storm picks up the siren's howl and flings it towards the town" as the great battle-ship prepares to put out into the gale from Dover Harbour. Such a scene, reproduced from the painting by Mr. Charles Pears, is illustrated in one of the three pictures in colour given as a Supplement with this number. Another, from a painting by Mr. Bernard Gribble, represents a more tranquil Christmas in a moonlit offing. The third picture, the work of M. Georges Scott, is less obviously associated with the time of peace and goodwill, for it shows a lurid scene in the great French gun-factory at Creusot. If, however, there be truth in the maxim *Si vis pacem, para bellum*, we may find, even in this fiery cradle of death-dealing artillery, a suggestion that a big gun is really an appropriate emblem of Christmas.

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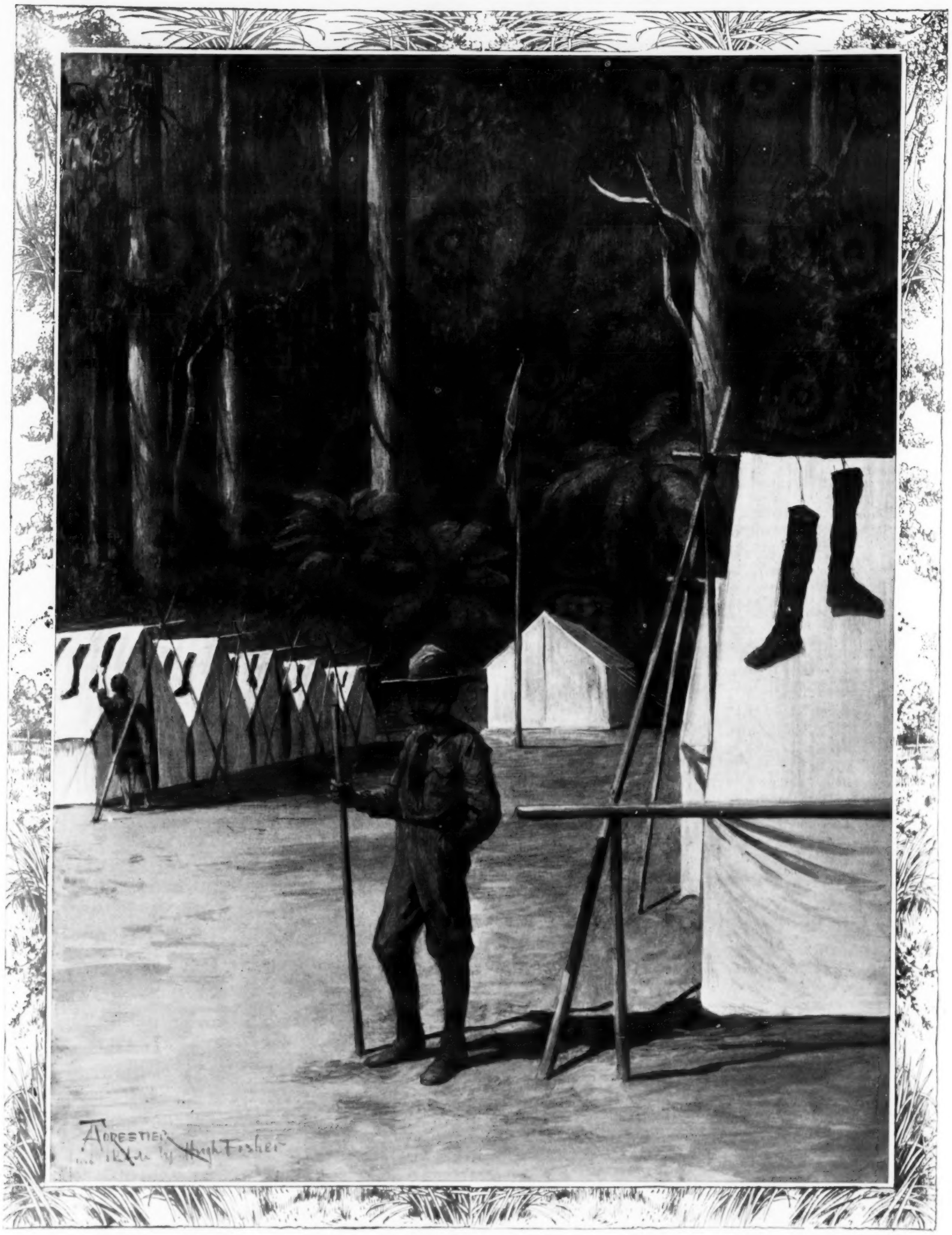
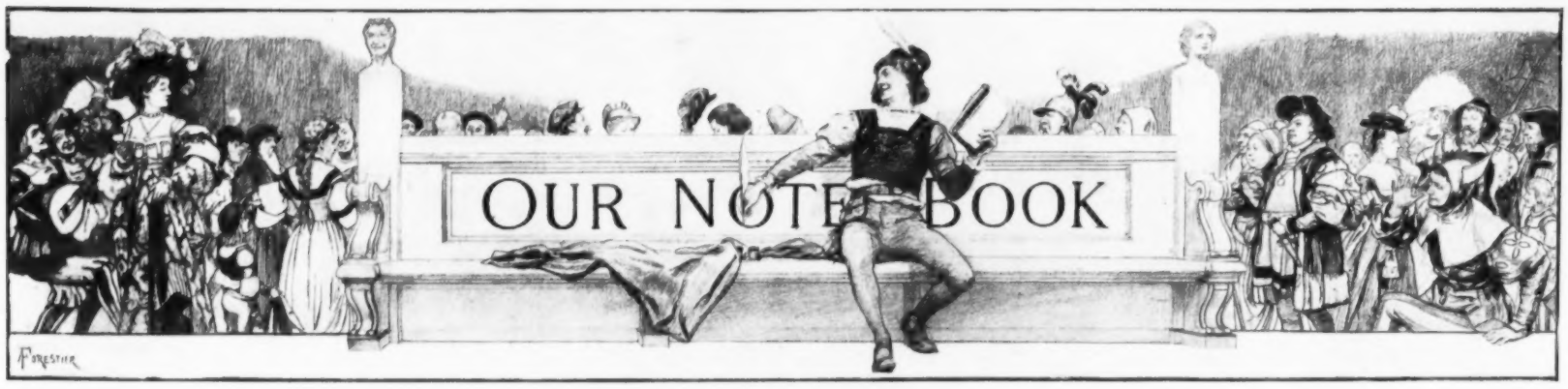
STOCKINGS HUNG ON TENTS: BOY SCOUTS ON THE YARRA.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM A SKETCH BY A. HUGH FISHER.



READY TO CHALLENGE—AND PASS—SANTA CLAUS: A YOUNGSTER ON GUARD OVER HIS COMRADES ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

Mr. Hugh Fisher sends us the following description: "The Boy Scout movement was a welcome one to the big cities of Australia, and at Christmas time, in the height of summer weather, many parties go out by rail twenty or thirty miles for a few days in camp. Above is shown a favourite spot on the banks of the Yarra, where the tents are pitched among tree-ferns and gum-trees. Though engaged in the cult of manliness, the Melbourne boys have happily not quite 'put away childish things' and, as the stockings bear witness, hope on Christmas Eve for a visit from Santa Claus." It may well be imagined that he will have no difficulty in being passed by the sentry.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IN a favourite paper of mine, which announces itself in large letters every week as "The Organ of the Progressive Movement in Religion and Social Ethics," there is an article this week on the frightful condition of Italy. That country seems to be in the deuce of a state. A minister from the organ just mentioned has actually been to Italy; he has set foot in that savage land which we know only as the last brutal borderline of human history and civilisation. Italy, it seems, is in a condition which we in England must find it difficult even to conceive as possible. There it is impossible (apparently) to trust absolutely to the honour of company-promoters and financiers. There is none of that sweet and reckless security with which you or I throw ourselves into any commercial speculation or trust any commercial agent. Or, again, there are in this strange place people suffering from a hideous disease scarcely to be pictured in our country, but to which their rude Roman ancestors gave the name of *fames*, cynically adding that it was the best sauce. The political practices of the Italians are equally remote and repulsive, for they are, it appears, tempted from time to time to indulge in Wars of Annexation—a local and technical term which I have no space to explain. Nor, alas! is their religious state any more satisfactory to the humble and sympathetic eye; for there are a number of people in Italy who do not believe in the Athanasian Creed. As the spinster lady said when watching a great actress writhing about the floor as Cleopatra, "How different from the home life of our late dear Queen!"

I am sorry; but this is really what the man says. He does really say that these things "show how lacking the Italians are in political honesty. That they are equally so in their private business capacity is the sad experience of every traveller in this fair and favoured land." How different (I cry with the spinster) from the state of this fairer and yet more favoured land, where nobody has any sad experience in their private business, where nobody ever meets anybody who is lacking in honesty! He does say the economic condition is really quite sad, that "the country swarms with beggars, the tradesmen are notoriously untrustworthy." How different (I again exclaim) from the state of England, where the luxury, plenty, and security of the lower classes is such that they cannot be induced to beg, though the police perpetually urge them to do so! He does say, of the attack on Tripoli, that Italian immorality is well indicated by its contempt of arbitration, and, above all, by "the universal approbation with which this campaign is regarded in Italy, the amazement and indignation with which it receives the hostile criticisms made upon its course by the other nations of the world." How different, again, from our English morality, from the cool yet tender consideration given to every possible side of the question just before the Transvaal War! How different from the clear-eyed penitence and humility with which we received the general rebuke of Europe! And he does say that many of the educated Italians "are in large degree atheists and infidels." How different from modern England! I suppose that if you or I were to meet an educated agnostic in society we should hardly survive the shock.

But I think my favourite paragraph is the following; it seems to describe so sharply and vividly the contrast between Italy and modern Britain—

Italy seems sadly deficient in public spirit. Its people do not confront their own problems, but look to the Government to take the initiative in all public reforms. The result is a stagnant public conscience, a lack of co-operation among the best educated and influential citizens, and a bureaucratic, sluggish administration of public affairs; for it needs the constant spur of the private and confederated conscience to keep the civic authorities to their best.

Photo. Record Press.

HUNG IN THE LOUVRE IN PLACE OF THE STOLEN "MONA LISA": RAPHAEL'S PORTRAIT OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE (THE AUTHOR OF "THE PERFECT COURTIER") SUBSTITUTED FOR THE THIRD WIFE OF FRANCESCO DEL GIOCONDO.

The place left vacant on the walls of the Louvre by the theft of Leonardo's picture of Mona Lisa, third wife of Francesco del Giocondo, has been filled by Raphael's portrait of his life-long friend, Count Baldassare Castiglione. Many would have wished the space once lit by Mona Lisa's enigmatic smile to be left empty, as a memorial of her for ever, or until her return. The Louvre authorities perhaps preferred not to have her abduction continually recalled. Baldassare Castiglione (1478-1529), himself skilled in the manners of Courts, is famous as the author of the "Cortegiano," or (*Anglice*) "The Perfect Courtier." He figures as Zoroaster in Raphael's "School of Athens" in the Vatican, the artist's own likeness being just behind him. Castiglione was away from Rome when Raphael died. On returning, he wrote to his mother: "I am in good health, but cannot believe that I am in Rome, now that my poor Raphael is no longer here. God keep that blessed soul!"

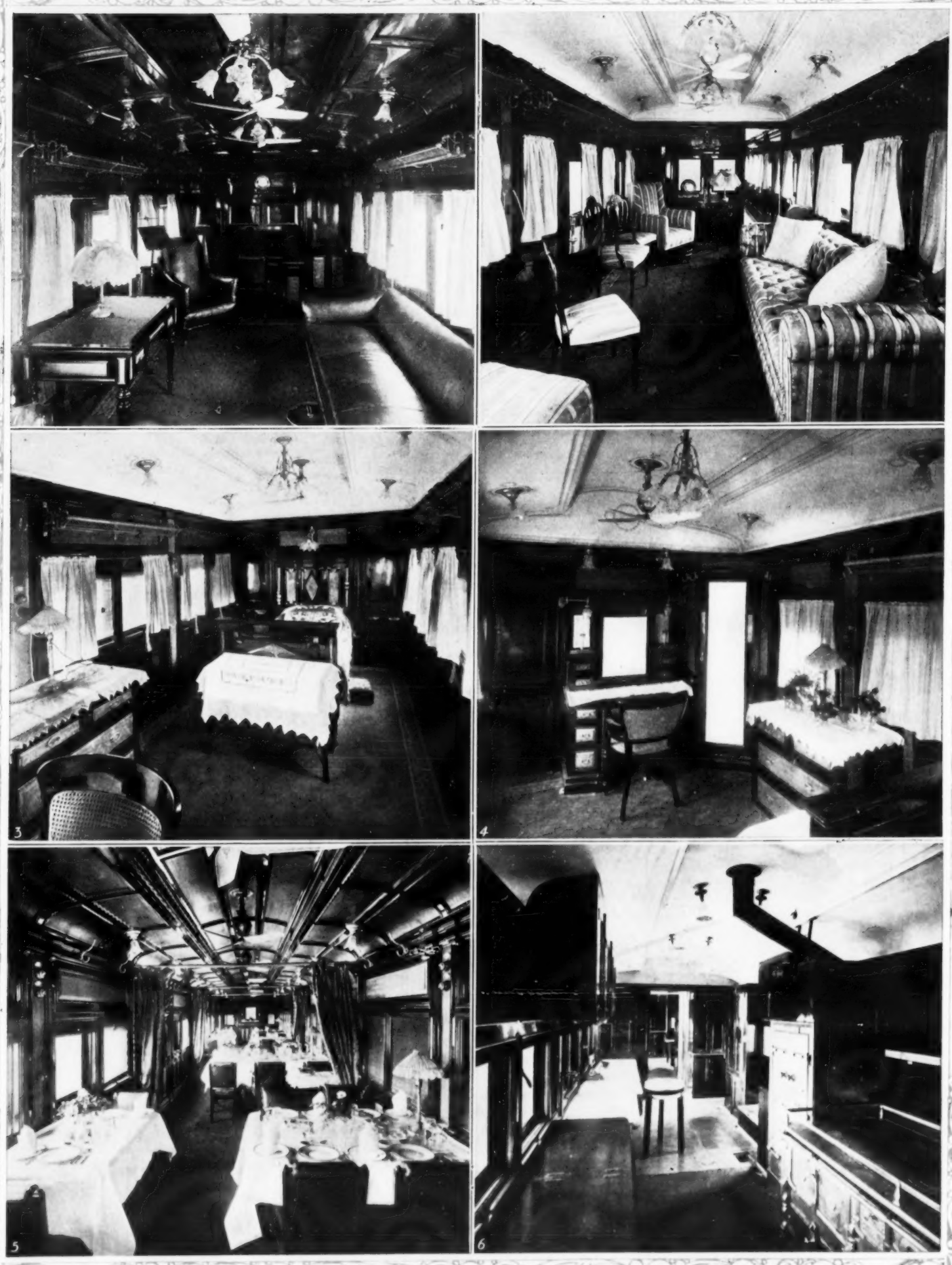
The civic authorities are at their best, of course, in England. It happens that I am able to confirm this sad but true picture of Latin enslavement. I also have received authentic information from Italy. In a secret letter, stamped with seven daggers, skull and cross-bones, a Papal crown, and a red cap of liberty (a letter smuggled somehow by bribery through the cruel, but fortunately corrupt, Italian police) I have before me a full revelation of an intrigue lately conducted in the Italian Parliament. It appears that the Minister for Finance, Signor Loido Giorgione, has placed before the Parliament (though not, of course, before the people) a proposal for forcing all fiddlers, brigands, organ-grinders, artists, ice-cream men, etc., such as make up the entire population of Italy, to give up a large amount of macaroni on the chance of some day having a small amount of medicine; and this particular speculation was to be forced upon every individual Italian who should happen to be rather poor already by that brute force of *gendarmerie* by which government is conducted in that blighted land. Now there was doubtless much to be said for this speculation; malaria and cholera are bad things, and it is perhaps a good thing that all poor Italians should sleep secure in the prospect of them. But it is also clear that there was something to be said against it; and through all the provinces of Italy a great deal was said against it; both by the ice-cream men and by the shopkeepers who employed them. It was in everybody's experience that in the course of one's most ordinary and Italian actions, wandering on the Corso (whatever that is), floating in the gondola, visiting a volcano in eruption, being captured by brigands, and so on, one heard from all kinds of people protests, whether well or ill informed, against the proposal. By the fairest reckoning, at the lowest computation, there was enough evidence of national doubt and division to have found some representative voice in politics, if Italy had been in possession of representative institutions.

Will it be believed that in this cursed and fated country the protest was not heard in Parliament at all? The Leader of the Opposition, Signor Bonaro Legge, dared not vote against the Bill. His followers dared not vote against it. No one but Lansbiori, a Lombard workman, and Count Roberto of Cecily, an eccentric aristocrat, can be said to have attacked it at all. The most crucial amendment to it was rejected without a division. The Italian Second Chamber, occupied by the Colonnas and the Strozzis, passed it at once. They did not even (as by the new Italian Constitution they could have done) delay it for further discussion. The whole thing was driven through by the undoubted energy and dexterity of the Minister of Finance.

Now I say we could not have a better example of what the Organ of the Progressive Movement so rightly laments; the sad fact (in Italy) of people "looking to the Government to take the initiative in all public reforms." If we in England ever attempted such an experiment as an Insurance Bill, the whole scheme would originate in the hearts of the whole people; everyone would understand the Bill; no one would feel doubtful about it; no energetic and dexterous Minister would be needed to thrust it through; no servants would regard it with wise or foolish fear; no politicians would vote for it in hesitation or in cowardice. England would do the whole thing; but England is so different from Italy.

ROYALTY ON THE LINE: THE IMPERIAL TRAIN IN INDIA.

Photographs by Johnston and Hoffmann.



1. THE KING'S DAY SALOON. 2. THE QUEEN'S DAY SALOON. 3. THE QUEEN'S NIGHT SALOON. 4. THE QUEEN'S NIGHT SALOON. 5. THE DINING SALOON. 6. THE KITCHEN.

It need not be said that every precaution was taken to ensure the comfort of the King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress during their voyage to India and during their journeys in India. In an issue of a week or two back, we published photographs showing the interior of the "Medina" specially fitted for their Majesties' use. We are now able to give these photographs of the imperial train prepared for their use during their various overland journeys in India. The exterior of this train has been painted white.

ON THE SITE OF THE NEW CAPITAL OF INDIA

Drawn by S. Begg, our Sp

THE LIGHTS OF THE FIELD OF THE TENTS OF WHITE: THE GREAT CORONATION

The King-Emperor's historic announcement at Delhi began: "We are pleased to announce to Our People that on the advice of Our Ministers tendered after consultation with Our Governor-General in Council We have decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to the ancient Capital, Delhi . . ." and ended: "It is Our earnest desire that these changes may conduce to the better administration of India and the greater prosperity and happiness of Our beloved People." On December 15 the King-Emperor and Queen-Empress laid the first stones of the new capital in the midst of the tents of the members of the Governor-General's Council in the camp of the Government of India. Each stone was inscribed merely "1911." At the ceremony, the Viceroy said: "By graciously consenting to lay the first stones of the Imperial capital to be established at Delhi, your Imperial Majesties will set seal upon the

THE CANVAS CITY AT DELHI, AN IMPERIAL CITY TO BE.

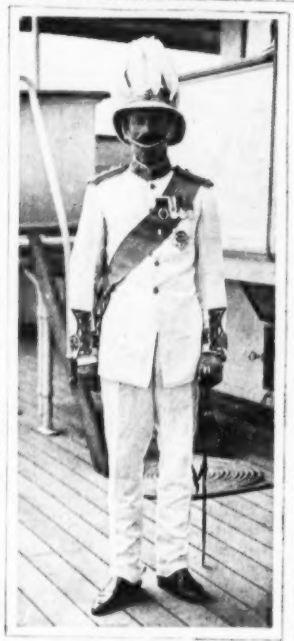
Artist in India for the Durbar.

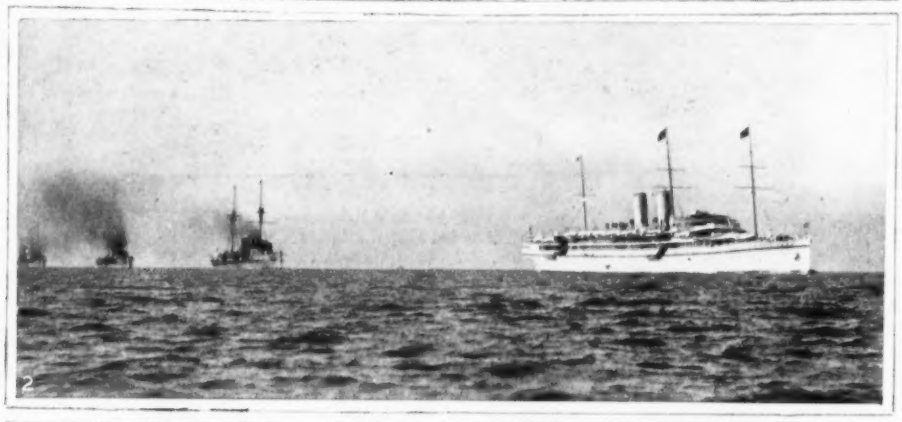
DURBAR CAMP BY NIGHT, SEEN FROM THE CHAUBURJA MOSQUE.

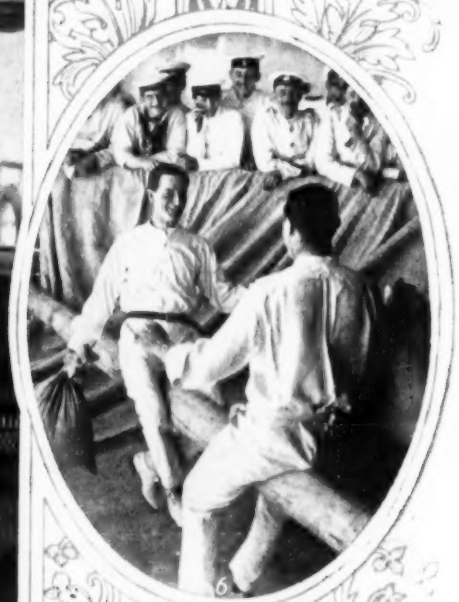
announcement made by his Imperial Majesty on the day of the Coronation Durbar . . . Many capitals have been inaugurated in the neighbourhood of Delhi . . . but none has ever arisen under happier auspices than those which attend the ceremony which your Imperial Majesties are about to perform. . . . We sincerely trust that the noble city which, under God's Providence, we hope to rear around the spot where these stones are laid will be worthy of the occasion to which it owes its birth. The stones themselves will for ever remain a monument to your Imperial Majesties' gracious presence at this ancient seat of civilization and Empire, and of the momentous decision which was declared and published to your Imperial Majesty's loyal subjects at this place." The King's Camp is immediately below the corner of the parapet seen in the drawing. The squares of lights seen in the left background are those of triumphal arches erected by Indian rulers at the entrances to their camps.

THE CORONATION DURBAR VOYAGE: LIFE ABOARD THE "MEDINA."

Photographs by Ernest Brooks and Illustrations Bureau.







1. THE EARL OF DURHAM, LORD HIGH STEWARD FOR THE VISIT TO INDIA, ABOARD THE "MEDINA."

2. THE COMING OF THE KING-EMPEROR AND THE QUEEN-EMPRESS: THE ARRIVAL OF THE "MEDINA" AT BOMBAY.

3. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO THE QUEEN-EMPRESS, ABOARD THE "MEDINA."

4. PILLOW-FIGHTING DURING THE SPORTS ON THE "MEDINA": THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY AND (FACING THE CAMERA) MAJOR LORD CHARLES FITZMAURICE, EQUERRY TO THE KING-EMPEROR.

5. ABOARD THE "MEDINA": THE QUEEN-EMPRESS TALKING TO THE DUKE OF TECK, PERSONAL A.D.C. TO THE KING-EMPEROR, THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, MISTRESS OF THE ROBES, AND THE MARQUESS OF CREWE, SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA.

6. DURING THE SPORTS ABOARD THE "MEDINA": CAPTAIN BRYAN GODFREY-FAUSSETT, R.N., EQUERRY TO THE KING-EMPEROR (FACING THE CAMERA).

7. WHERE THE KING-EMPEROR AND QUEEN-EMPRESS LANDED IN INDIA: THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY.

8. "INDIA GREETS YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTIES": A TRIUMPHAL ARCH IN BOMBAY.

The King-Emperor and the Queen-Empress landed at Bombay on December 2, and were received by the Governor-General and many another notable on the Apollo Bunder. In the course of his speech his Imperial Majesty said: "Your eloquent address has recalled to me that Bombay was once the dowry of a British Queen. As such Humphrey Cook took it over 250 years ago, a mere fishing village. You, gentlemen, and your forerunners, have made it a jewel of the British Crown."

WITH HIS BRASS PIPE AND HIS WHITE FLOWERS: A PROTECTED RULER.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY S. BEGG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FOR THE DELHI DURBAR.

CEREMONIOUS AND COMFORTABLE SMOKING ABOARD SHIP: THE SULTAN OF LAHEJ ON THE "SALSETTE," BOUND FOR INDIA.

Our Artist, Mr. Begg, drew the sketch from which this drawing was made while on the "Salsette" on his way to represent this Journal at the great Coronation Durbar at Delhi. He describes it as follows: "H.H. Sir Ahmed Fadthel, Sultan of Lahej, on the 'Salsette,' from Aden to Bombay. His son, Prince Abdul Hamid, is in the foreground, holding a glass of lemonade in his hand. The Sultan's suite is a large one; two or three of its members are shown in the drawing. His Highness frequently carried a bunch of white flowers, something like narcissi, which he put to his nose at intervals. The offer of a whiff from his brass pipe or the presentation of flowers was a mark of great favour." Lahej is a little state in South-West Arabia, and is under British protection. Its capital is Hautz, which is twenty-one miles north of Aden. The population consists of Arabs, Jews, Somalis, and some Indians.

Art-Music & the Drama

Photo. Fenlham and Banfield.
THE KING OF MNEMONICA IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MR. GEORGE GRAVES.

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE AT COVENTRY EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Photo. Hana.
POTTERINI IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MR. WILL EVANS.

ART NOTES.

MR. AIKEN'S experience is standing him in good stead at the Tate Gallery. In Whitechapel he learned how to hustle the East Enders into his gallery; at Millbank his methods are no less brisk. The National Gallery of British Art is not, in his keeping, to become an asylum for the casual and indolent visitor, nor to be allowed to offer the same stale fare from one season to another, with annual additions from the Chantrey Trustees for its chief sensation. The labours and successes of the Stevens Exhibition have not sated him. Already another is arranged and opened. From Birmingham, while its Art Gallery is rebuilding, have been lent its famous pictures by the Pre-Raphaelites. Here is Millais's "The Blind Girl," the central work of his shifting styles. "The Order of Release," the "Ophelia," the "Marianna in the Moated Grange," with "My Second Sermon," "The Vale of Rest," and the later pictures, display the whole uncertain course of his career. A letter that has lately seen the light shows him possessing, like his friend Mr. Holman Hunt, a rigid belief in his own powers. "Poets," he says, after alluding to the weakness of Rossetti's drawing at a period when he considered that he himself had mastered the pencil—"poets will think him a greater painter than poet, painters a greater poet than painter."

At the Tate Gallery the greatness of Rossetti is manifest in the very drawings that were held to be incompetent by his fellows. While, according to one history of the movement, he was piecing together his art from the example of others, he made the things that now stand out as the expressions of unique genius. The coat of divers colours was handed about among the brethren, but "D. G. R." was the Joseph to whom it truly belonged. That brethren more unbrotherly than the Pre-Raphaelites are not to be read of in Bible history is an impression, fathered and furthered by recent books, that has been gaining ground; but with Mr. W. M. Rossetti's biographies and editions as the classics of the artistic and literary history of the period, it is an impression that will not ultimately be the accepted one.

No choice could have been more apposite than the one now made by the publishers and their author of a painter fit to be enshrined in a special number of the *Art Journal*. The work of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, who has lent his name and pictures, constitutes one of the strongest points of defence against the wilful and childish lawlessness of much recent painting. Within little more than ten years his mission has been turned right about. From pioneer he has become a guardian of the established order. The leader of the Newlyn School, he but lately forced the Academy to enlarge its vision; and now a rebel horde is at him, as if he were the type of a despot in the arts, the enemy of liberty and progress.

Twenty years ago the Newlyn School was "in the minds of the few the life of the artistic year." Now the young men shriek at us that we must forget. The author of this monograph, who has one ear attentive to the clamour, concludes, "'Other men, other manners!' Stanhope Forbes has been true to his own manner of seeing. He is extremely catholic in his appreciations, but he has had the strength to know the direction of his own gifts, and he has kept determinedly to the path." But we imagine Mr. Forbes has never been tempted by Tahiti.—E. M.

Photo. Fenlham and Banfield.
ALICE IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS NAN STUART.

The Christmas Shows: Pantomime Principals.

Photo. Dover Street Studios.
HILARIO IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MISS VIOLET LORAINE.

Photo. White.
DICK IN "DICK WHITTINGTON," AT THE LYCEUM: MISS CLAIRE ROMAINE.

Photo. Hana.
QUEEN OF MNEMONICA IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MISS DAISY DORMER.

Photo. Dover Street Studios.
THE BARONESS IN "HOP O' MY THUMB," AT DRURY LANE: MISS FANNY BROUGH.

MUSIC.

THE autumn season, which, after all, is very largely associated with winter, is now at an end, and, all things considered, has achieved nothing sensational. To be sure, we have seen the rise of the London Opera House, and the rather ready acclamation of certain stars; but the prices demanded in the first instance for certain of the seats have suffered a somewhat drastic cutting; and this fact supplies its own commentary, though there is no reason to believe that London will not welcome a large opera-house run on popular lines.

Covent Garden's authorities must have been delighted with the reception accorded to the Russian Ballet on the closing night of the season, for it showed in fashion unmistakable that London wants more of the Ballet's acquaintance; and it is understood that arrangements have been made already to supply the want. We should need to go back a long way in the history of the Opera House to find such enthusiasm as was shown when Mme. Karsavina and M. Nijinsky came to make their *adieux*. London has been very deeply stirred, and one of the results of the experience will be found in the added interest that will be taken in modern Russian music. Much as we owe to the great dancers, the scene-painters, and the costumiers, it must not be forgotten that the music has given voice to the emotions that are restricted as far as the stage is concerned to gesture. Since M. Leopold Wenzel ceased to write ballet-music London had heard nothing worthy the name until the Russians came with the scores of Rimsky-Korsakoff, Tcherepnine, Glazounov, and the rest. Apart from ballet, Covent Garden has laid musical London under a debt of gratitude by producing "Die Königskinder," which, one hopes, will be revived in grand season.

Only a few days ago Herr Fritz Steinbach contrived to thrill the audience that had gathered to hear Herr Backhaus play the solo part in the "Emperor" Concerto and other things. One had looked upon Herr Steinbach as a learned and accomplished gentleman who could be welcomed or dispensed with quite easily; he had appeared as a rather stolid and laborious conductor, inclined to attend to the letter and leave the spirit to look after itself. Then, on a sudden, he gave a reading of the first Brahms Symphony that not only seemed to shake all the old dryasdust methods to their foundations, but showed the music itself in a new light.

Photo. Fenlham and Banfield.
THE PRINCESS IN "ALADDIN," AT THE KING'S HAMMERSMITH: MISS MAIE ASH.

CHRISTMAS IN THE GERMAN NAVY: PIPES OF PEACE ON A WAR-SHIP.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

AMONG THE CHRISTMAS-TREES: SAILORS OF THE KAISER'S NAVY ENJOYING THE FESTIVE SEASON.

It is particularly appropriate that the German Navy's celebrations of Christmas should have the Christmas-tree as a very prominent feature, for the modern use of the tree comes to us from Germany, only the very poorest of the poor of whose people are without one at the Christmas season. Together with the maypole, the Christmas-tree is a survival of the Scandinavian Ash, which was known as Yggdrasil, the Tree of Time, whose roots penetrate to heaven; Niffheim; and Ginnungagap. Niffheim is the dwelling-place of the serpent Nidhögg; Ginnungagap, that of the Frost Giants. The three Nornas, or Fates, sit under the tree, spinning human destinies.

"HERE WE ARE AGAIN! HOW ARE YOU TO-MORROW?"

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

THE GREAT FIGURES OF PANTOMIME AS THEY WERE IN THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: CLOWN, PANTALOON, HARLEQUIN, AND COLUMBINE.

Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon came to us, through France, from Italy. Clown is an English creation, but, of course, is very nearly related to the French Pierrot. He may be regarded as the direct successor of the fool, who left the stage when trunk hose left it, and it may be assumed that the "antenna"-like ornament on his wig is a corruption of the cock's-comb or cock's-head which was on the fool's cap. Unlike Pierrot, who is silent and listless, he is active and has the gift of speech. In his original form, Harlequin was a funny, but rather coarse, individual, up to any mischief. He wore a mask, and his tattered dress bore many coloured patches. Between the middle and the late seventeeth century, all the company's costumes underwent a change, and Harlequin's patches took more symmetrical form. Still, his dress was not tight-fitting as it is now. In the eighteenth century, his wooden sword became a magic wand, and he was transformed into a more refined and kindly character. At the period of our picture, Columbine was a woman Harlequin, in vari-coloured gown. On the French stage she was at times Harlequin's wife. Columbine's muslin skirt is quite a modern creation. Pantaloon, an Italian personage, originally from Vienna, was either husband, father, or widower. He wore spectacles, the removal of which made him pass Harlequin without seeing him, and so become a butt for the Clown.

THE CARRYING OF THE CHIEF DISH: FOR MY LORD'S TABLE!

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

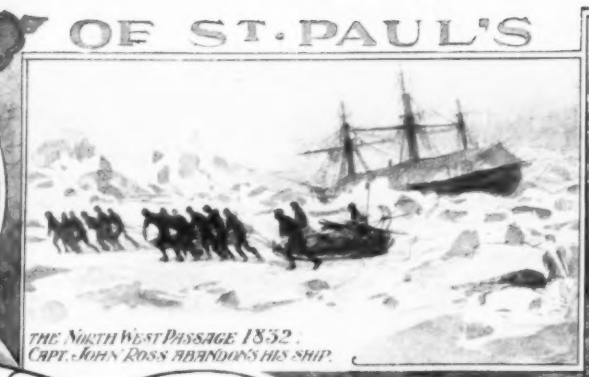
BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD: THE SENESCHAL HEADING THE PROCESSION FROM THE KITCHEN, ACROSS THE COURTYARD, INTO THE CASTLE.

Within the precincts of the Norman castles of the eleventh and twelfth centuries are often seen partially burnt circular areas from twelve to fifteen feet in diameter. These mark the sites of outdoor kitchens, such as the one seen through the doorway in this Drawing. The kitchen of this form was a bell-shaped building set at a distance from the body of the castle. It had a large central chimney and a number of other chimneys. It contained a circular room with five furnaces, or cooking-places, built round the wall, and each provided with its own chimney. The additional chimneys were for ventilation, as well as to allow for the escape of smoke and steam. The dishes had to be carried across the courtyard into the castle and the banqueting-hall. Such kitchens were used, of course, only in the larger establishments. Later, the kitchens were included in the main building.

AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S

Borgund Church, Norway—Allegorically

Miss Marie Louise Egerton Castle.
Author of "Italian Literature," published by Messrs. Herbert and Daniel.
Photograph by Lafayette.


The North West Passage 1852. Capt. John Ross abandons his ship.

ANDREW LANG ON THE SLOW GROWTH OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

No doubt there are abundant answers to the question, "Why is Literature a plant of such very slow growth in a new country," a country newly occupied by white men? The obvious answer is that the white men have better things to do in exterminating the local savage, felling forests, running up wooden shanties and tin huts, and generally "taking up the white man's burden." Then, sometimes, comes the process of "throwing off the yoke" of the old country. This reply appears adequate, and does account in some degree for the slow growth of literature, say, in America. Yet there are difficulties. The Ionian colonies came to the front in literature before the mother country, setting aside Homer and the old lost heroic poets, the common possession of Greece and of her colonies.

Now, the Elizabethan settlers in America came from a country which was full of new literature. It could be produced in Virginia—for example, Strachey's book on the colony is very literary and learned. I suppose that the first novel written in America is Lodge's "A Margarite of America," composed before 1600 in hard enough circumstances in the Straits of Magellan. Lodge and Strachey were only visitors, but among the Elizabethan settlers, and under Charles I., there must have been many young gentlemen very capable of writing sonnets to their mistress's eyebrows. We hear of no such matter: all is theological. In Professor Wendell's "Literary History of America" is a letter from a preacher to a friend; the man who wrote it might have written pleasant essays in the manner of Goldsmith, but nothing of the sort was published.

When our Anglo-Saxon ancestors came to this island, they were very rough colonists in very rude circumstances. Yet one of them wrote that beautiful elegy "The Ruined City," a lament for the fallen glories of Roman civilisation. We find nothing like its sentiment in American literature before Freneau (1752-1832) with his verses on the vanishing of the Red Men, and on their poor relics—

> Here still a lofty rock remains,
> On which the curious eye may trace
> (Now wasted half by wearing rains)
> The fancies of a ruder race.

It is not so good as the Anglo-Saxon colonist's "Ruined City." Nor does it even faintly resemble Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," with which Mr. Wendell compares it. The true parallel is between Freneau and the Anglo-Saxon colonists who so early and unexpectedly wrote such pretty sentimental verses. Not to speak of the great epic, "Beowulf," even the rare fragments of the Anglo-Saxon colonists much excel anything done in America before the nineteenth century.

Brockden Brown, who died in 1810, seems to have been the first American novelist. I have not read Brown, but his "Wieland" appears to be a heaven-forgotten mixture of Godwin and Mrs. Radcliffe, though he certainly improved and drew horrors, in a small-pox hospital, from the life.

American literature did not, and perhaps could not, begin in the normal way—namely, with songs about the author's own experiences, such as Jacky, the Australian native, composes in "Never Too Late to Mend"—

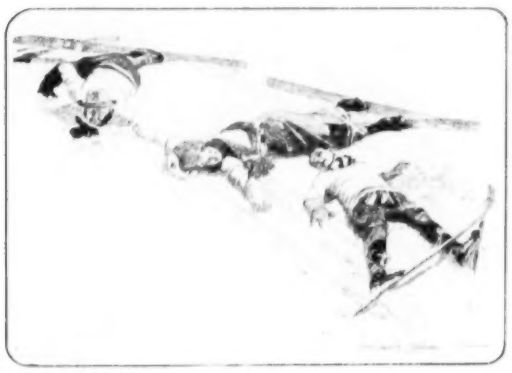
> I slew him by the Wurragurra River—
> By the Wurragurra River I slew him.

Or in love-lyrics, there are better Red Indian love-lyrics than anything in the Colonial literature. Did Puritanism check any such spontaneous verse? The Colonists were not all Puritans, yet heaven did not make them poetical. "With laboured prose fiction our American literature begins," says Mr. Wendell; with imitations of English fiction as it was between Fanny Burney and Miss Edgeworth, a very debased period. Yet the new Independent people had all the best old English novels in their hands—Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, Sterne, and, in a new way, Fanny Burney—and they had all our poets.

They did not profit by all this; one cannot guess why they did not, till Washington Irving came (born 1783), and he had been for two years in Europe before he began to write. His manner is that of an accomplished English author of an earlier generation, though one of his early works was a kind of comic history of New York. He did not imitate the latest thing in English, but revived, as he advanced, the best style of Goldsmith's period. My memories of Irving's books are delightful, but they date from my earliest boyhood. Happy thought!—read him again.

"ACHTUNG!" A WARNING WORD WHOSE MEANING ("LOOK OUT!") NEWCOMERS FIND IT ADVISABLE TO LEARN.

A WINTER-SPORT BOOK.
By REGINALD CLEAVER.
With an Introduction by the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton, M.A.
Six Illustrations reproduced by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. A. and C. Black.
(SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)


TUMBLES AS TUTORS: AN EXPERIMENTAL LESSON IN THE ART OF SKI-ING.

ACCUSTOMED TO TWENTY SPILLS IN ONE MORNING: BEGINNERS ON SKIS.

THE BENEFIT OF ENGAGING AN INSTRUCTOR IN SKI-ING: UNRAVELLING A KNOTTY PROBLEM ON THE SPOT.

PARTING COMPANY: A BOBSLEIGH OFF THE TRACK.
"A bobsleigh race is won or lost by tenths of seconds. If the bob can round a banked bend without braking, there are tenths of seconds saved . . . Once off the track, the team and bob part company, as a rule."

THE BLIND DRIVEN BY THE FAIR: ROUNDING THE MARK.
"This is an almost certain event at all ice gymkhanas. Men are blindfolded and driven in pairs by amateur lady whips. It is as well to add that whips (in the literal sense) are not allowed."

THE SHIP'S DECK AS A CHRISTMAS BALL-ROOM: FANCY DRESS ON A LINER.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC TOE IN MID-OCEAN: A COSTUME BALL ON A GREAT STEAMSHIP.

The fancy-dress ball is not, of course, a very uncommon occurrence aboard ship, especially aboard those great liners which are so frequently and so truly called floating palaces. At Christmas-time, in particular, such festivities are at their height, and the ingenuity of the passengers is much exercised in the devising of costumes; for the fashioning of such dress, never very easy, is apt to be a matter of considerable difficulty when the worker is on a vessel and in possession of practically no suitable materials.

THE NEW ARAB AND THE OLD: TURKEY IN THE FIELD.

A Facsimile Sketch, Specially Made for "The Illustrated London News," by H. C. Seppings-Wright, the Only War Artist with the Turkish Forces in Tripoli.

"WHAT ITALY IS UP AGAINST!" COMMANDANT MOUSSA MEHEMET IN CONSULTATION WITH THE SHEIKH ABDULLAH.

In last week's issue we were able to give a sketch from the brush of Mr. H. C. Seppings-Wright of Moussa Mehemet, Commander of the Turkish forces operating in Tripoli. We are now able to add this sketch of Moussa, typical of the new Arab, in consultation with a Sheikh, a type of the old Arab. Mr. Seppings-Wright, who titles his drawing "What Italy is up Against!" writes that the Commandant often carries nothing more than an ebony cane while on active service.

N.B.—Four-Page Colour Supplement inserted here.

ORESTES SURROUNDED BY THE FURIES: A GREEK CROWD IN MUFTI.

DRAWN BY ROLF NICZKY.

A REINHARDT REHEARSAL OF AN ÆSCHYLUS WORK: PREPARING FOR A PRODUCTION OF THE "ORESTEIA," IN THE SCHUMANN CIRCUS, BERLIN.

This curious illustration shows, as we have noted, a rehearsal of a work by Æschylus, in the Schumann Circus in Berlin. It has unusual point at the moment, as it depicts the preparations for a presentation under the direction of Professor Max Reinhardt, who is producing "The Miracle," which is due at Olympia on December 23, and also the "Œdipus Rex," of Sophocles, due at Covent Garden on January 15. So much interest is being taken in the presentation of "Œdipus Rex," in particular, that an honorary committee was completed early this month to extend a greeting to Professor Reinhardt. Dr. Gilbert Murray's translation has been prepared for the stage by Mr. W. L. Courtney. Mr. Martin Harvey is to play Œdipus, Miss Lillah McCarthy, Jocasta. Mr. Hubert Carter is to be the Leader of the Chorus, and Mr. Philip Hewland the Herdsman.

FRIGHTENER OF BOYS IN THE BUSH: A CONGO GHOST.

DRAWN BY NORMAN H. HARDY.

WEARING A "DELE" AND DRESSED IN FIBRE NETWORK: AN INITIATOR'S ASSISTANT AMONG THE BAPENDE.

Mr. Norman H. Hardy describes his Drawing as follows: "The Bapende people, who inhabit the south-west of the Congo, have some very curious ceremonies in connection with the coming-of-age of the boys—that is to say, their arrival at manhood. After the initiation has been performed, the boys have to hide in the bush, and must see no women, and must be seen by none. They wear masks, and the whole body is covered with a rough dress made of raphia fibre-cloth. While they are thus secluded, the initiator dresses one of his assistants up in a costume made of network of fibre, and covers his head with a mask called 'dele' (the word means 'ghost'). This assistant has to come out at night to frighten the boys in the bush. It is supposed that any woman who beholds the 'dele' will fall ill and eventually die."

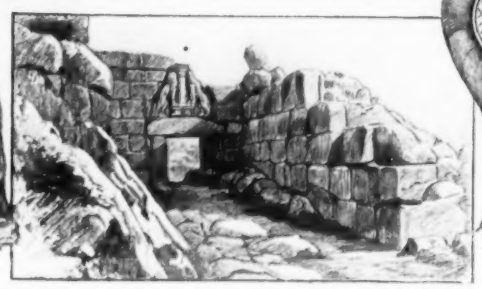
A SECRET SOCIETY OF THE CONGO: A MASKED DIGNITARY.

DRAWN BY NORMAN H. HARDY.

AT THE INITIATION OF A NEW MEMBER: THE MAKENGE, CHIEF FIGURE ON THE OCCASION.

Mr. Hardy writes: "The Babende are the members of a secret society existing among the Bangongo, sub-tribe of the Bushongo people of the Congo. Founded for the maintenance of order, this society soon degenerated, and its meetings became the scenes of human sacrifice. The friction-drum is sounded in the village, and all women and children must instantly hide; but one child is caught by the Babende and slain. The next day some charcoal is sent to the child's mother, and then she knows the fate that has befallen her child. When new members are admitted to the society three masked dignitaries are present; the most important of these is the 'Makenge,' who is represented in my drawing; he is one I saw at Misumba. The mask is of bright colours; the main part is red; the darker lines and other marks in blue or black. All over it are fixed small white shells. The figure standing by the hut is playing the friction-drum. It is a hollow piece of wood, covered at one end with parchment, into which is fixed a stick. This is made just moist, and the man rubs his hand up and down the stick, making by this means a very loud noise. One of these large masks, collected by Mr. E. Torday, is in the British Museum."

THE REMODELLING OF HISTORY: & THE REALISATION OF LEGEND:

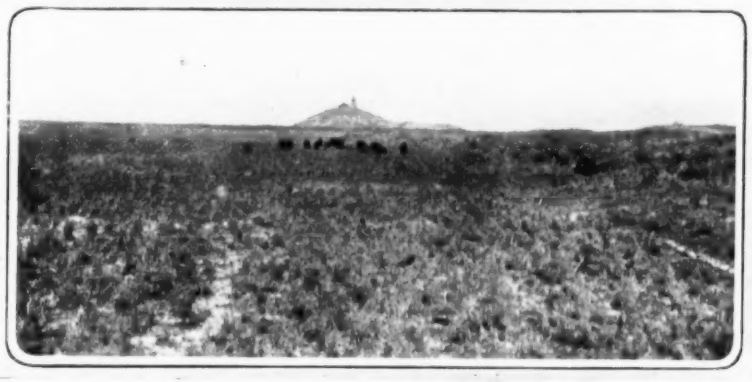


"THE GATE OF THE GOD BEL," THE SUPREME DEITY OF THE CANAANITES: BABYLON.

BABYLON—so we call by a Greekish name that most famous ancient city of the East, which was really Bab-ili, or The Gate of the God. It owes, of course, the overpowering appeal which it makes to modern imagination mainly to ancient writers who had never seen it, or, if they had, idealised it and fabled about it till its name has come to stand less for a city made by men's hands than for some such stupendous unreality as Milton's Lucifer might have built for the place of his throne. Yet if we turn a deaf ear to Herodotus and to Ctesias, and, purging our minds of all ideas preconceived under the spell of Apocalyptic visions, look only at the place itself as it is to-day, we must confess it was a wonder without rival among cities of its time. Even though the inner wall of Nebuchadnezzar's city on the east bank of the Euphrates is not above two miles round, there are still such leagues of outer fortifications to be reckoned with, and so much ruin on the west bank, continuing by patches towards the towering High Place eight miles distant, which the Arabs call Birs Nimrud, that one has no difficulty in understanding how report, confounding Babylon and Borsippa into one city—and they must have been as much one as Constantinople and Scutari to-day—gave the former an area of from one to two hundred square miles. Twelve years ago, when the Baghdad Railway project first entered the field of practical politics, it was announced that German science was to anticipate its advance by exploring Babylon. The German Oriental Society, directed by Professor Delitsch, was to be the controlling authority; but behind it, as all the world knew, stood the Emperor. Thanks to such powerful and consistent backing, the explorers have been able to dig without interruption ever since. At their head has been Dr. Koldewey, an architect by early training, but experienced in excavation, as Von Luschan's second in command at Sinjerli, and on other sites. He led out his first band of diggers in 1899, and set to work for winters and summers alike without thought of returning to Germany. He may have been back once in these twelve years, but that is all, and serious illness has not prevented him from returning to his house by the waters of Babylon. It is the east-bank city, the city of Nabopolassar or Nebuchadnezzar, who recovered for the old mistress of Mesopotamia the supremacy she had been forced to cede awhile to Nineveh, that has been the scene of the German excavations. It lies under three principal mounds, and that called the Kasr, which conceals Nebuchadnezzar's Palace and its environs, has been the Germans' main objective. This Palace was built just inside the inner fortifications, which are pierced here by the Ishtar Gate, so called of old because a small temple of Baltis, or Ishtar, lay just outside it. The two towers of the stately portal, once barred and faced with bronze, have been completely cleared, and it has been found that the opposing faces of the gateway were lined with enamelled bricks, showing in relief large figures of bulls and dragons of singularly fine style. When it is said that the bounding walls of the whole spacious Sacred Way, which led from this gate to the great temple of Bel-Marduk, were similarly faced with enamelled bricks, showing lion-reliefs, it may be realised how splendid Nebuchadnezzar made his capital. The Palace lies west of this, and has been about half excavated. The great banqueting-hall, where, perhaps, Belshazzar supped, and Alexander was laid, dying, to hold the last levée of his veterans, has been cleared; but to the complexus of smaller chambers about it, it is almost impossible now to assign their uses. Important as is this historic Palace, it is less important than the main temple of Bel, and it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Koldewey has identified the situation of the latter with fair certainty, though he has not yet found time to excavate it. The great northern mound, still known to the Arabs as Babil, has appparently not been searched anew since Rassam probed it many years ago. Here the famous Hanging Gardens are supposed by some to have been. But some work has been done in the theatre, and numbers of graves, made, as was the custom on Mesopotamian and Hittite sites, within the city, have been found. The work goes slowly owing to the immense depth of overlying débris, Greek and Parthian; but, on the German method, it goes surely, and it is certain that some day we shall be able almost to reconstruct the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar.

It is undoubtedly the most interesting of the Babylons which lie one over the other now. For it was the Wonder which captured Greek imagination and has enslaved ours since. It was the city of the Hebrew Captivity, the city which Cyrus took and Alexander made his capital of the world. But we should like to learn something, too, of earlier Babylons—of that which Sennacherib sacked, and even of that which the Hittites took in the 19th century B.C., and where Hammurabi had reigned. We know there was an important town on the site as far back as the beginning of the fourth millennium before our era, and in the interests of the science of the beginnings of things we trust that the architectural sympathies of the German excavators will not make them so careful of Nebuchadnezzar's structures that they will be unwilling to search the underlying strata down to virgin soil. We know something of the architecture of the Babylonians, much of their written documents, something of their plastic art, but terribly little of their archæology in the strictest sense. For better knowledge of that we look to Dr. Koldewey and his colleagues not less than for a plan of Nebuchadnezzar's Babylon: and in the meantime we have to thank him as well as Dr. Andrae at Asshur and the German Oriental Society, which has commissioned and supported both, for object-lessons in the business of excavation as it should be conducted.

D. G. HOGARTH



THE TOWERING HIGH PLACE EIGHT MILES FROM BABYLON: BIRS NIMRUD.

"Even though the inner wall of Nebuchadnezzar's city on the east bank of the Euphrates is not above two miles round, there are still such leagues of outer fortifications to be reckoned with and so much ruin on the west bank, continuing by patches towards the Towering High Place eight miles distant, which the Arabs call Birs Nimrud, that one has no difficulty in understanding how report, confounding Babylon and Borsippa with one city—and they must have been as much one as Constantinople and Scutari to-day—gave the former an area of from one to two hundred square miles."

Photograph taken by Miss Gertrude L. Bell, and Courteously Lent by Her.

THE WONDER WHICH CAPTURED GREEK IMAGINATION: BABYLON, THE CITY OF THE HEBREW CAPTIVITY—SHOWING THE ISHTAR GATE.

"It is certain that some day we shall be able almost to reconstruct the Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar. It is undoubtedly the most interesting of the Babylons which lie one over the other now. For it was the Wonder which captured Greek imagination and has enslaved ours since. It was the city of the Hebrew Captivity, the city which Cyrus took and Alexander made his capital of the world."

Photograph taken by Miss Gertrude L. Bell, and Courteously Lent by Her.

SHOWING THE TEMPLE EXCAVATIONS: A VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BIRS NIMRUD.

"When it is said that the bounding walls of the whole spacious Sacred Way which led . . . to the great temple of Bel-Marduk, were . . . faced with enamelled bricks, showing bas-reliefs, it may be realised how splendid Nebuchadnezzar made his capital. The Palace lies west of this. . . . Important as is this historic Palace, it is less important than the main temple of Bel, and it is satisfactory to know that Dr. Koldewey has identified the situation of the latter with fair certainty."

Photograph taken by Miss Gertrude L. Bell, and Courteously Lent by Her.

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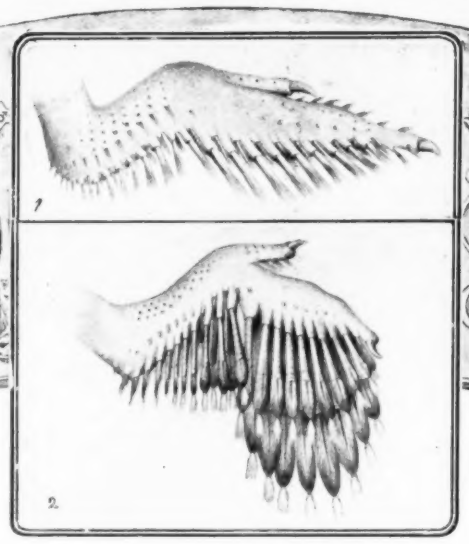
SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

The Horoscope. XVI th cent.



1. Showing the Thumb and Forefinger Armed with Long Claws: The Wing of the Young Hoatzin, the Bird with Hands.

2. Showing how the Growth of the Outermost Quills is Retarded so as not to Impede the Use of the Claws: The Wing of the Young Hoatzin, at a Later Stage of Development. [For description, see below.]

Reproduced from "Marvels of the Universe."

The Love Philtre. XVII th cent.

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM
"MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE,"
(now appearing in Fortnightly Parts at 7d. each), by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hutchinson.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

RECENT CANCER LITERATURE.

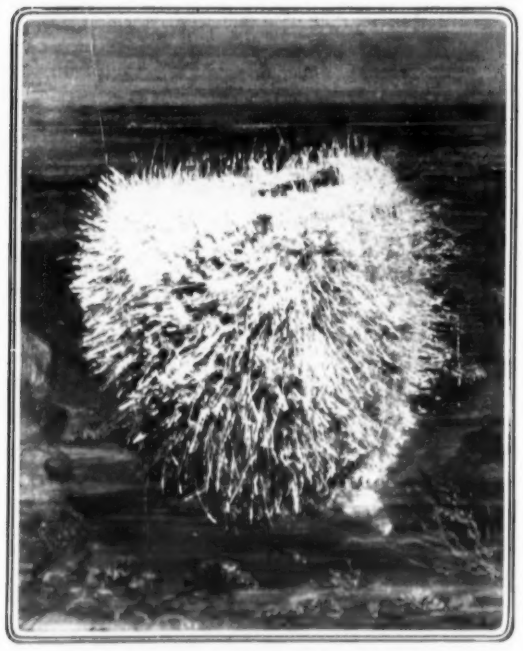
I SELECT the topic of recent cancer literature as the subject of this week's article, for several reasons, chief among which is the fact that the public are perennially interested in all that pertains to the investigation of the cause of this deadly malady. Other reasons I find in the issue of the fourth Report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund, and in the publication by Dr. J. Beard of a book on "The Enzyme Treatment of Cancer" (Chatto), which revives an interesting controversy regarding cancer cure. The great point around which all investigation revolves is the cause of the disease. Research has been uninterruptedly carried on for years without revealing any external source of the trouble in the shape of microbe or parasite. Baffled, so far, in the attempt to discover a cause operating from without, many authorities will feel inclined to agree with Sir H. Butlin in his recently delivered lectures, when he expressed the opinion that the source of cancer is to be looked for within the affected frame. Dr. Bashford, in the Research Fund Report, says it is at least proved that cancer "is not due to a common, casual parasite." He further adds that each tumour is "peculiarly and genetically related to the individual in which it arises." This looks as though we were harking back to a theory of cancer origin which finds in the facts of embryology its chief support. If so, then Dr. Beard's work very appropriately appears at the present juncture.

I deem the title of Dr. Beard's book somewhat unfortunate. The public, for whom he writes, do not know what "enzymes" are. They have not been instructed in the physiology of the organic ferments which play such an important part in digestion and in other bodily functions. Then, again, I should say, Dr. Beard's style of writing is hardly attractive. His book is full of matter calculated to start thought, but he has an unfortunate grievance—just enough, it may be—and constantly laments that he has been crying for years in the wilderness, few, least of all cancer-researchers, heeding his cry. There is also a superfluity of footnotes. But his work deserves careful perusal. Dr. Beard professionally is connected with the Embryological Department of Edinburgh University. I do do not think he need make so much of the silly taunt which has been levelled at him, that he is "not a medical man." If medicine had been advanced by no aid save that of her own children, she would probably have missed the germ theory of to-day, and a good deal more besides. Lister's antiseptic surgery is founded on Pasteur's researches, and Pasteur was a chemist. He, and Spallanzani, and a host of other investigators also, were "not medical men."

THE BIRD WITH HANDS: A YOUNG HOATZIN CLINGING TO A BRANCH WITH THE CLAWS ON ITS WINGS.

"That strange native of British Guiana, the Hoatzin . . . displays a singular activity from the moment it breaks the walls of its shelly prison. . . . Unlike all other nestlings, it is an expert climber, using beak and wings and feet. . . . No other birds, not even the Hoatzin when adult, can use the wings for this purpose. But in the young Hoatzin the thumb and first finger are armed with long claws, and are very prehensile, serving at this stage of growth as fingers. . . . As soon as the wing-area is large enough to support the bird in mid-air . . . the claws are gradually absorbed and finally disappear. That on the thumb is first to go."

Reproduced from "Marvels of the Universe."



ATTACHED TO THE BED OF THE SEA BY LONG WISPS OF FLINT: A GLASS SPONGE.

"The Glass Sponges . . . are, without exception, among the most exquisite of all forms of marine life known to us. They have their abode on all ocean floors. . . . In size they range from a few inches in height to nearly two feet. They are attached to the bed of the sea or ocean by long wisps of flint, like spun glass. These flinty prolongations are part of the creatures' own structures. The skeleton . . . is a lacy fabric of flint. . . . It may be said that no artificer in spun-glass handicraft can fashion a frame so marvellous as that involuntarily produced in the living Glass Sponge."

Reproduced from "Marvels of the Universe."

Briefly detailed, Dr. Beard's view is that cancer arises within the organism it attacks. In the beginning of animal development, the germ-cell divides into numerous other cells (the primary germ-cells), each of which can produce an embryo or new body. But, as of old, many are called and but few chosen. One favoured cell, say, is selected to build the future body; the remaining ninety-and-nine are homeless outcasts. Some of these rejected ones perish and die; others survive, lie latent within the tissues, muttering in the fine old melodramatic villain's tone, "A day will come!" When that day arrives, these outcast cells, waking up from their slumbers, and retaining the privilege of their birthright, begin to put forth their inherited powers of body-building. But instead of being able to construct a new body, they find themselves cribbed, cabined, and confined within a body long since completed without their help. Then comes their proliferation and increase, resulting in the production of a cancerous tumour. A cancer is the revenge of the despised and neglected cells on their more favoured rival, which has built the body. "Cancer," says Dr. Beard, "is nothing more than the production abnormally of an asexual (that is, a budding and growing cell-population) within a sexual generation"—this last capable of giving forth new germ-cells.

This, shortly enumerated, is Dr. Beard's theory. It seems to correspond with Sir H. Butlin's recently expressed views. At the very least, it has a basis in embryological facts, for other abnormalities besides cancer fall to be accounted for on similar lines. In the matter of cure, also, Dr. Beard's contentions deserve examination. He advocates the use of trypsin and amylopsin, two enzymes or ferments found in the sweetbread—the former acting on nitrogenous food and the latter on starches. As these ferments together act on albuminous substances, and as cancer-cells, like all living cells, are of this order, the inference is clear enough, that the injection of the enzymes into cancerous tumours will cause their disappearance. The clinical side of Dr. Beard's book is still weak. What is needed is the extended trial of his method. It has apparently had its successes. He attributes failure to the use of inert trypsin, and insists that amylopsin must be used as well. I, for one, hope no professional prejudice will oppose the reopening of this all-important question. It is not pleasant to think of "what might have been," when refusal to experiment is plainly indicated.

ANDREW WILSON.

"MARVELS OF THE UNIVERSE."

THE first two parts of "Marvels of the Universe" (Hutchinson), a new series which is being issued in twenty-four fortnightly parts, were noticed in our issue of Dec. 2, where it was pointed out that the new publication in no way overlaps the well-known work "Wonders of the World," published by the same firm. Parts III. and IV. of the "Marvels," from the latter of which we are enabled to reproduce some illustrations, fully maintain the high standard of interest of the preceding parts. Part IV., for example, deals with such fascinating subjects as the mantids, or "praying" insects, so-called from their apparently pious attitude while waiting for their victims, and therefore rather a "preying posture"; also with the jellyfish called the "Portuguese man-of-war"; the surface of the moon and its phases; vegetable sheep (a member of the daisy family); giant moths; flying-fishes and their foes; the cobego, an "animated aeroplane" of the Malay forests; a bird with claws on its wings—the hoatzin of British Guiana; diving-beetles; and the giant tortoise. With several coloured plates and numerous photographs in each sevenpenny part, and articles thereon by well-known naturalists, this excellent publication deserves to be classed, literally, in its own category, as one of the marvels of the universe.

MIMICKING A LARGE BROWN FRUIT: A COBEGO HANGING FROM A TREE.

"When at rest it [the Cobego, or Flying Lemur, of the Malay Archipelago, Sumatra, Borneo, and the Philippines] is far from easily discovered; for at such times it hangs suspended, back downwards, the feet placed together, and the head thrust in between the fore-legs, so that it looks for all the world like some great fruit, such as abounds in these forests. And this semblance to fruit is the more complete owing to the light spots on the dark-brown skin. Thus disguised, it rests in peace, for prowling hawks and other carnivores pass it by unnoticed."

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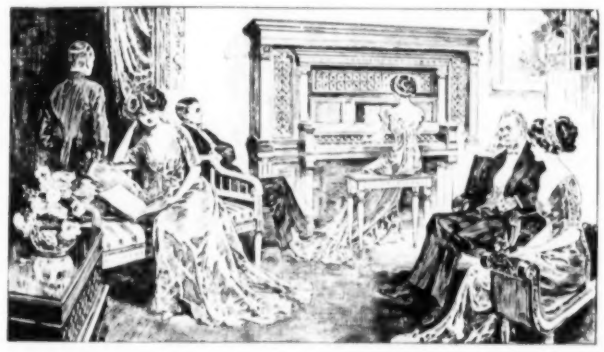

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LADIES' PAGE.

WHILE my usual column was last week crowded out by Christmas notices, a remarkable woman's agitation has arisen, done its utmost, and failed—as completely as might have been expected. Singular blindness to the teachings of practical experience was displayed by the ladies who expected the protests of the voteless to be listened to against domestic servants' inclusion in the Insurance Bill. About a million signatures were appended to memorials to individual Members of Parliament and to the House of Commons as a body; countless letters were written, excited speeches were delivered, and mistresses and maids alike demonstrated that they were unwilling to be compulsorily included under the Insurance Bill. A great meeting at the Albert Hall was not merely crowded—it was besieged, for fully twenty thousand women flocked there in person to endeavour to govern themselves by agitation without votes behind them. Oddly enough, this agitation was led by the Anti-Suffrage women; doubtless, they hoped to find in its success a proof that women do not need votes, because their voices will always receive courteous voluntary attention. But, how now? For all this agitating has completely failed! Mistress and maid are still to pay, just as originally ordered. Mr. Lloyd George made a vague promise to the maids, of which more below, but the mistresses he simply flouted. No effect was produced by their protests without power to enforce the opinion. So it ever was, and ever will be—if the theory of representative government is the correct one. At all events, we live at present under that theory, and so long as some classes vote and others are entirely without representative strength, the non-voting class cannot reasonably expect attention.

Certainly in many homes this new tax will be felt to be a real burden by mistresses of small means to whom every shilling has its importance. It is all the harder because there is no real benefit to be derived, from the employer's point of view, when a servant does fall ill. There is not to be any institution provided (other than the workhouse infirmary) to which a sick servant is to be entitled to claim admission, so that it will be as difficult to send away one who falls ill as it is now. Moreover, if the mistress keeps the girl while ill the mistress does not even become entitled to take the weekly 7s. 6d. of the insurance! Apparently, the mistress who allows a sick maid to stop on (and frequently she must do so, for how can a girl with bronchitis, or any other "itis," sally forth in that state to find herself a lodging?) will have to pay in all ways. There will be (1) sick girl's wages; (2) the wages and keep of her substitute; (3) the insurance money for both; (4) food, firing, nursing, and attendance for the invalid, according to the State doctor's orders. The maid can meantime draw her own 7s. 6d. sick pay, and keep it; and gratitude is to many minds so painful a sensation that, ten to one, the girl will leave the situation as soon as she has been tended to recovery. So much for when the maid does fall sick. While she is well the very unpleasant task of being the tax-collector is periodically forced on the mistress. It is most unpleasant, and so useless practically in the domestic dilemma of a sick servant.

GRECIAN GRACE FOR EVENING WEAR.

An artistically draped gown, the tunic of purple Ninon-de-soie, embroidered in gold, over a soft white material as under-dress.

Now for the point of view of the maid-servant. She is to pay her weekly threepence, her protests notwithstanding. Her great grievance is that she will probably get no benefit from it, for the class of domestic workers as a whole is a healthy one: it is no avocation for the delicate and fragile — the servants are mostly at the healthiest age—and they for the most part will marry and soon pass out of the class to receive the benefits. Mr. Lloyd George has, however, told them that those who marry shall be allowed to continue to insure themselves, and for those who do not marry he gives some vague promise that, if there be any surplus, it shall be available for them as an earlier old-age pension, or some sort of dole. This is not in the Act of Parliament, and may come to nothing, but if it does, it is not what this Bill professes to provide — namely, sick pay; and of two things, one—either servants, mistresses, and taxpayers are all now being called on to pay much more than is needful to provide sick pay for invalid servants, or else, the payments being only adequate to give the sick benefit, there can be no other allowance or benefit got by anybody out of it. Clearly, most of the girls who pay will not ever receive anything in return for their annual 13s. poll tax. Except, of course, such comfort as there may be in the reflection that, if ever they *are* ill while in service, they will get 7s. 6d. per week for a time and then 5s. until well, with free doctor and drugs. A certain number of ladies have stated that they do consider that this possible advantage is sufficient compensation to servants for the tax. But undoubtedly, if the theory of "self-government" under which we are supposed to live were applied to this case, the project would be "downed" by an enormous majority of those affected. How many people nowadays really and truly believe in "representative self-government," I wonder? The author of this servant insurance certainly does not!

Every home might be adorned with growing bulbs. They are now so inexpensive; and it is so easy to bring out the lovely, sweet-scented blossoms of hyacinths, or the rich colour of crocus. True, they do not last very long in bloom, but it is quite a pleasure for long before to watch the green rising daily higher, and then the budding flower presently pushing up in the midst. A hyacinth bulb will grow in water anywhere, and all the care it needs is to stand the vase or bowl, wherein the water just touches the end of the bulb, in a perfectly *dark* place, but not icy-cold, till the green shoots are well up from the bulb, then bring it to the light and warmth of a room. To the initiated this sounds like the alphabet, but it is surprising how many people do not understand how easy and cheap a pleasure is bulb-growing in the home, and now is the time to make a start.—FILOMENA.

People of Taste and Refinement

will be charmed with the exquisite and delicate fragrance of

Royal Vinolia Perfume

which makes a welcome and dainty Christmas Gift. The recipient cannot but prize highly the choice and lasting odour of this refreshing perfume, while to the giver is accorded that pleasant remembrance which a well chosen gift secures.

In handsome bottles, 2 - & 3/6.

VINOLIA COMPANY LTD.,
LONDON & PARIS.

RV 23—39

"A WINTER-SPORT BOOK."

(See Illustrations on "At the Sign of St. Paul's Page.")

EVEN those who have never known the delights of the toboggan and the bobsleigh, of ski-ing and ski-jöring, skating and curling, in Switzerland will derive much entertainment from "A Winter-Sport Book" (A. and C. Black), by Reginald Cleaver, with an introduction by the Rev. Hon. Edward Lyttelton. The bright and buoyant Alpine air seems to blow through its pages, infecting the reader with something of that exultant sense of health and high spirits which comes from spinning down the ice-tracks and the snow-slopes. It is easy to understand, after reading this book, how "the mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep." The illustrations, which consist of numerous black-and-white drawings by the author, are delightful: they bring out the humours of winter sport in a way impossible to the photographer, for even the snap-shotter is seldom on the spot at the exact psychological moment. But Mr. Cleaver is more than a caricaturist, or even a pictorial satirist: his drawings are charming as well as amusing: they are the work of a skilful artist. The pictures are nearly all placed together at the end of the book, with an explanatory note, generally of a humorous character, to each. The preliminary chapters are equally cheerful. In his introduction Mr. Lyttelton writes feelingly on the subject of ventilation in hotels, and speaks of "the gathering *carbalic* acid in the table-d'hôtes"—a rather alarming item of the *menu*. He is an enthusiastic winter-sportsman, and it is easy to guess the identity of the "tall and usually stately Headmaster," who, as Mr. Cleaver writes, "may burst upon your view as he shoots down a snow-slope like a falling star . . . a crash is imminent. . . . Noiselessly but decisively the Headmaster disappears from view." We know that Headmaster: he comes from Eton.

Winter-sport enthusiasts will note with interest that there was recently a very heavy fall of snow at St. Moritz, Switzerland, over three feet in depth. It is many years since so heavy a snowfall has occurred there before Christmas.

One of the time-honoured features of a well-regulated Christmas feast is a plentiful supply of Tom Smith's famous crackers. This year the beauty and variety of his productions are more alluring than ever. They can be had at all kinds of prices, from sixpence a box upwards to the most elaborate and lovely table decorations, or large and gorgeous crackers containing each a toy or other novelty. Among the costlier kind may be mentioned as particularly attractive the musical-toy crackers, the knick-knacks, the Terror-torials, the animated insects and reptiles, the Dutch toys and curios, the Pageant crackers, to name only a few among many. Then, too, there are the "Empire" and the "Indian Empire" crackers, bound to be popular in this year of Coronation and Durbar. Crackers containing jewels and costumes are always much liked; and the boxes at moderate prices, of a kind to delight the children, are too many to enumerate. Fancy receptacles filled with sweets, and Santa Claus surprise stockings are likewise certain favourites.

Books for the nursery are always in great demand at Christmas, and nothing could more delight the inhabitants thereof than the admirable picture-books, painting-books, and musical nursery-rhyme books published by Messrs. Dean and Son, of 160A, Fleet Street. A real knowledge of the needs and preferences of the little people, combined with excellent taste, marks all the publications of this firm. Dean's untearable rag-books have long been immensely popular, and the new ones issued this season are as delightful as ever. A novel variety is the "Roly-Poly" rag-book, which is in the form of a roll tied round with ribbon, like the books of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and can be unrolled into a fascinating panorama. The painting-books are very workmanlike and sensible, while another excellent novelty is the Patchwork Picture Puzzles, in book form, containing sheets to be cut out and pasted in pieces on to other sheets to form pictures.

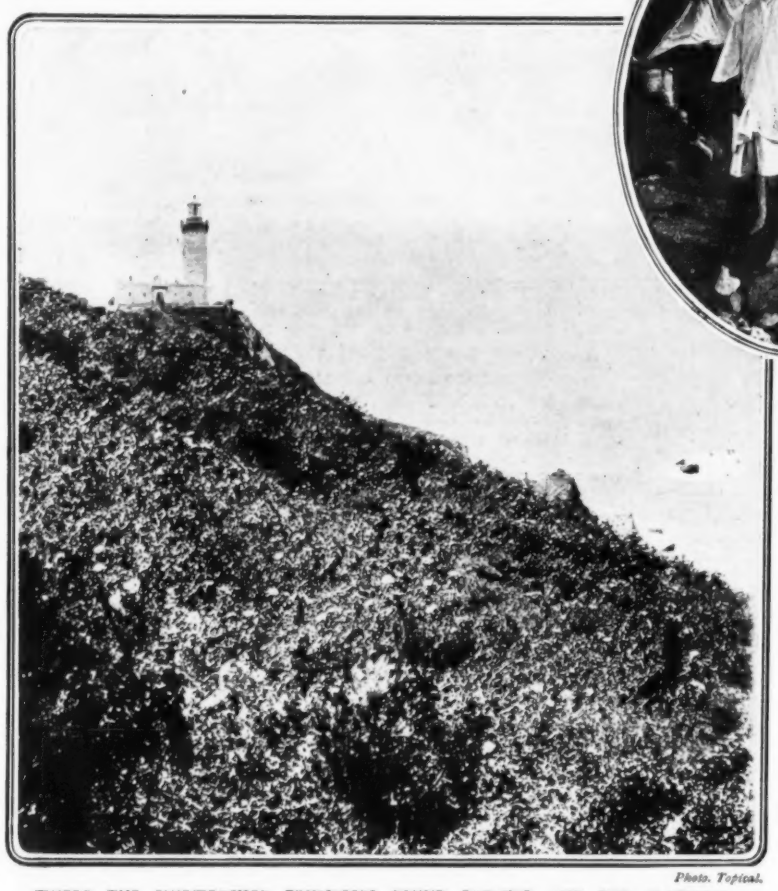

Photo. Topical.

WHERE THE SHIPWRECKED PRINCESSES FOUND SHELTER AND DRY CLOTHING: THE LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE SPARTEL.

After being all thrown into the sea, as the boat in which they left the stranded "Delhi" neared the shore, the Princess Royal and her husband, the Duke of Fife, with their daughters, Princesses Alexandra and Maud, had to scramble along a rocky path through pouring rain to the Cape Spartel lighthouse, about four miles away. There they were hospitably received, and provided with hot coffee and clothing, the Duke of Fife being attired in a nightshirt and a pair of the lighthouse-keeper's trousers.

SOME OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL'S TEMPORARY PROTECTORS AFTER THE SHIPWRECK: MOORISH SOLDIERS WHO GUARD THE CAPE SPARTEL LIGHTHOUSE.

Photo. Illus. Bureau.

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A Regular supply of Popular and Interesting Recent Fiction sent Monthly, Post Free to any part of the World. In lonely stations, or even in the remote parts of the United Kingdom, **a book is a thrice welcome guest.** Do not forget these absent ones. The cost to you is little in proportion to the enjoyment provided. One good Novel per month (includes purchase of the books) from 17/6 per annum.

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A Christmas Love Story

THE FOLLOWING OF THE STAR.

SIX SHILLINGS.

By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY,

With Frontispiece by F. H. TOWNSEND.

"A worthy successor to 'The Rosary.' It has the same charm and grip, whilst the plot is again unusual and clever."—*Evening Standard.*

OVER HALF-A-MILLION COPIES OF

Mrs. Barclay's Previous Books

HAVE BEEN SOLD.

THE ROSARY, **6s.** THE MISTRESS OF SHENSTONE, **6s.**
THE WHEELS OF TIME, **1s.** net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, 24, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.

H.M.S. BELLEROPHON
BY W.L.WYLLIE, R.A.

Whether you be a SMOKER or NON-SMOKER
No present to a smoker can be more acceptable than a parcel of either

Player's
Navy Cut Tobacco

or **Player's**
Navy Cut Cigarettes

It is better to include both.

P142

SECOND CRUISER SQUADRON IN THE NORTH SEA BY W.L.WYLLIE, R.A.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Aug. 1, 1907) of MR. DAVID JARDINE, of High Lee, Woolton, near Liverpool, head of Farnworth and Jardine, timber-merchants, who died on Oct. 7, is proved by Robert Jardine, brother, and Laurence MacLaren, nephew, the value of the estate amounting to £825,352. The testator gives £10,000 and an annuity of £4000 to his wife; £25,000 to Laurence MacLaren; £10,000 each to his nieces Agnes Jardine, Jane Jardine, and Elizabeth Buckham; £7500 each to his nephew and niece John Jardine and Elizabeth Martin Rankin; £5000 to his niece Elizabeth MacLaren; £2000 each to the Seamen's Orphanage, the Royal Infirmary, and the Southern Hospital; £1500 each to the Northern Hospital and the Stanley Hospital; £1000 each to the Blue Coat Hospital, the Children's Infirmary, and the Sea Training Home for Boys; and legacies to persons in his employ and to servants. Two sixteenths of the residue he leaves, in trust, for his sister Mrs. MacLaren, two sixteenths to the children of his sister Margaret Lockhart, four sixteenths to his brother Robert, and eight sixteenths to his nephew Laurence MacLaren.

The will and three codicils of MR. HENRY BROADHURST, of Trent Cottage, Cromer, Labour M.P. from 1880 to 1906—representing Stoke, Bordesley, West Notts, and Leicester—are proved by the Public Trustee, the value of the property being £6942. The testator gives £1500 to the children of his deceased sister Annie Hurst; £200 and an annuity of £55 to Edith Elizabeth Nichols; £100 and an annuity of £32 to his servant Emma Eliza Edwards; £100 to Rosa Marie Beck; £50 each to his sister-in-law Polly Broadhurst and Charlotte Sarah Lockwood; £25 to Annie Maria White; £25 to —— Green, in his employ; and the residue to his niece Rosetta Eliza Hopkinson for life, and then as to £300 to her husband, and the remainder to her children.

The will (dated June 19, 1911) of MR. GEORGE ASHBY, of 9, Ditchling Rise, Brighton, who died on Oct. 27, has been proved, the value of the property being £41,122. The testator gives property at Pembury, Kent, and his freehold residence to his son Henry; £50 in trust for his son Fred; and £400 to his servant Ann Hook, if still in his service. One third of the residue he leaves in trust for his son Henry for life, and then as to £150 per annum to his wife, and the remainder to his children; but should these trusts fail, then £3000 is to be paid to the Brighton, Hove, and Preston District Nursing Association; £2000 to the Brighton and Hove Hospital for Women; and the remainder divided between the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, and Queen Charlotte's Lying-in Hospital in Marylebone; and two thirds, in trust, to pay £200 per annum to his son Fred, and subject thereto for his granddaughter and seven grandsons.

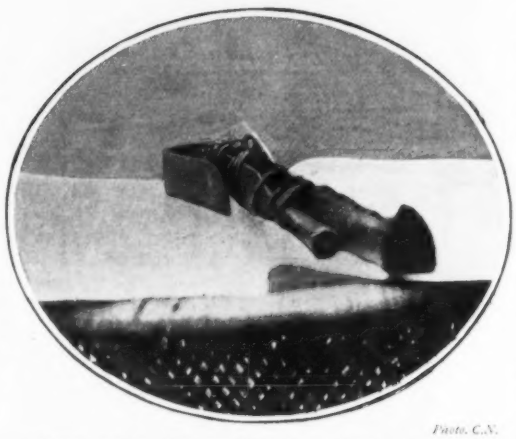

Photo. C.N.

A BENT SPEAR AND SWORD AS A LETTER OF PEACE: A STRANGE MISSIVE FROM THE CHIEFS OF DAMROH TO THE ABOR EXPEDITION.

This curious overture of peace was sent to the leader of the Abor Expedition by the chiefs of Damroh, the principal village of the Padam Abors. It takes the form of a spear and sword bent double as a sign of friendship between sender and recipient. The photograph was taken by the Special Correspondent of the Central News with the Expedition.

The will and codicil of the sixth BARON DYNEVOR, of Dynevor Castle, Llandilo, Carmarthen, who died on June 8, are proved by his son, the value of the unsettled property being £72,383. The testator gives £200 to Granville E. L. Baker; £300 to his daughter the Hon. Nest Rankin; £100 to his son-in-law James R. L. Rankin; £100 to his daughter-in-law Lady Margaret Rice; £5000 to his sister the Hon. Ellen Joyce; £50 each to two godchildren; £20,000 each and certain furniture in trust for his two unmarried daughters while spinsters; and legacies to servants. The diamond given to his ancestor by the King of Denmark and plate and pictures are to devolve as heirlooms with the settled estates. All other his property he leaves to his son, the present peer. In the events which have happened the funds of his marriage settlement are divisible among his daughters.

The will of MR. FREDERICK BRABY, of Bushey Lodge, Teddington, head of F. Braby and Co., ironmasters, who died on Oct. 9, is proved by his three sons, and the value of the estate sworn at £182,541. The testator gives shares in various public companies to his sons; £1000 for distribution among the travellers, clerks, and employees of his firm; £100 each to his grandchildren; £50 each to the Salvation Army, London City Mission, Church Association, and Protestant Alliance; £25 each to the Imperial British Israel Association, and Christ Church, the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, and the Baptist Chapel at Teddington; and numerous small legacies. Five twentieths of the residue go to each of his sons, Cyrus Braby, Ivon Braby, and Newton Braby; two twentieths each to his daughters, Flora and Ida; and one twentieth to his grandsons, Harold Trevor and Norman Heaton.

IN RECOGNITION OF HER HUSBAND'S SERVICES AS CHIEF UNIONIST WHIP: A PRESENTATION TO LADY ST. AUDRIES, BY MEMBERS OF BOTH HOUSES.

A PRESENTATION TO LADY ST. AUDRIES.

"As a token of friendship, and in recognition of the valuable services rendered to the Unionist Party by Lord St. Audries" (so runs the inscription), Lady St. Audries was recently presented by Members of both houses of Parliament with a diamond neck ornament (the centre removable to form a brooch) and a fan-shaped pendant, in diamonds and emeralds, suspended from a necklace of pearls. On the case is a gold plate bearing the inscription. Lord St. Audries, formerly Sir Alexander Acland Hood, was raised to the peerage this year. He had been Chief Unionist Whip since 1902, and M.P. for West Somerset since 1892. His marriage took place in 1888. Lady St. Audries was the Hon. Mildred Rose Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, daughter of the fourth Baron Ventry. Lord and Lady St. Audries have two sons and two daughters. The presentation ornaments were made by Messrs. Garrard and Co., the Crown Jewellers, of 24, Albemarle Street.

Not afraid of Chaps!

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Nothing goes to Waste when you use PEARS.

Pears is of such complete purity and of such incomparable quality that every particle of it comes into use as SOAP.

Pears

IS NOT MIXED WITH WATER.

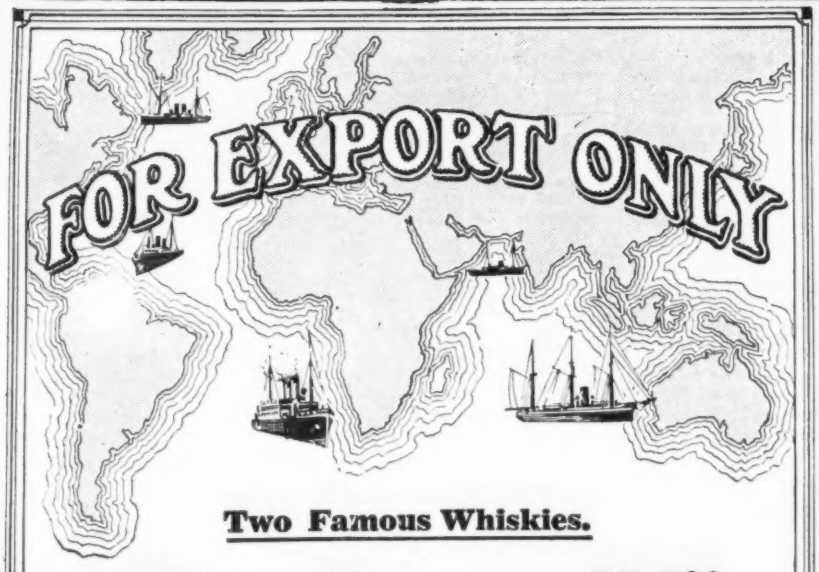
A touch or two, well worked up, yields lather enough for face and hands.

That is why Pears lasts so much longer than common toilet soaps, indeed it wears

TO THE THINNESS OF A SIXPENCE

and will then adhere to a fresh tablet if you wet it, thus there is no waste and

It's fit for the Angels.



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SCOTCH WHISKIES.

Proprietors:

The Distillers Company Ltd.,
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(Capital Employed over £3,000,000 Sterling)

Sole Distillers and Blenders of these and other brands of Whiskies well known and popular in Australia, Canada, India, South Africa, and throughout the world.

Craven Extra Mild

Your own enjoyment of CRAVEN EXTRA MILD can only be equalled by the pleasure of introducing it to a friend. A gift of CRAVEN EXTRA MILD for Christmas is one which any smoker will appreciate.

CRAVEN EXTRA MILD is manufactured under the new process, discovered by Mr. Bernhard Baron, by which the crude residue of harshness, which even the most matured tobacco previously contained, is eliminated. It is a milder grade of the famous "Craven" Mixture which was immortalised under the name of "Arcadia" by J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine."

Sold in 1 oz., 8d.; 2 oz., 1/3; ¼ lb., 2/6; ½ lb., 5/-; air-tight tins. Also in cartridges, in packets of 14 pipefuls, 8d.; 28 pipefuls, 1/3.

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THAT CHAFED APPEARANCE

of the skin which so often follows a shave is as painful as it is disfiguring. It is sometimes the result of shaving too closely, using a razor that requires setting, or improper stropping; but more often it is that the skin requires a tonic. Whatever the cause, it should be attended to immediately as the following morning's shave over the still tender parts will only result in further discomfort and irritation.

BEETHAM'S

La-rola

applied regularly, prevents and removes all roughness, redness, irritation, etc. It acts as a skin tonic and keeps it in perfect condition for shaving.

Get a bottle from your Chemist's to-day.
Bottles 1s., 2s. 6d. each, of all Chemists and Stores.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND.

Rowland's Macassar Oil

is **AN ABSOLUTE NECESSITY** for all who wish to **Preserve** and **Beautify** their

HAIR

Avoid doubtful preparations which contain **Lead, Spirit,** or other dangerous ingredients, and do not be persuaded to buy cheap imitations under the same or similar names, which have not the restorative properties and do not contain the Delightful Perfume of Otto of Roses for which **Rowland's** Macassar Oil has been so long famous.

It is guaranteed free from any deleterious ingredients, and as it **Penetrates** to the **Roots** it will replace the loss of the **Natural Oil** in the Hair, the want of which causes Baldness. **Ladies** and **Children** should always use it, as it lays the foundation of a Luxuriant Growth. It is also prepared in a **Golden Colour** for **Fair Hair.** Sold in **3/6, 7/-, 10/6,** and **21/-** bottles, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and Rowlands, 67, Hatton Garden, **London.** Avoid cheap, spurious imitations, and buy only Rowland's.

CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" FOOD WARMER

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THE BEST NURSERY LAMP IN THE WORLD.

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1 PINT	6/-
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½ PINT	3/6
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EACH

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

It is said that when a lawyer has no case, he abuses his opponent's attorney; and when it is difficult to state exactly the cause of a motor-accident, it is invariably ascribed to failure of the steering-gear. Whatever

Photo. Underwood and Underwood

THE SHIP OF THE DESERT AND THE IRONCLAD OF THE ROAD: AN ALGERIAN CONTRAST.

The photograph, taken in the Biskra Oasis of Algeria, constitutes a striking contrast between the old order and the new in modes of travel. Biskra is a noted Algerian health-resort, famous for its date-palms. There are hot sulphur baths a few miles from the town.

the actual facts may turn out to be, the statement, coupled, probably, with the name of the car, has gone forth, and cannot fail to prejudice that particular make in the minds of some people. Whenever the causes of motor-accidents are probed to the bottom, it is quite the rarest thing to find that whatever happened was brought about by the cause so frequently alleged. Even when accidents occur through side-slip or skidding, these cannot properly be ascribed to failure of the steering-gear, for in nine cases out of ten the road or the tyres are the provoking cause. In the case of the mysterious and lamentable fatality at Wisbech, I see the old, old reason was at once inferred, though, with a driver of the skill of the unfortunate Mr. Crabtree and a car of the reputation of that he was driving at the time, such a provoking cause is most improbable.

* * * * *

The perfect mudguard is yet to seek, though several very efficient types are now obtainable. The perfect mudguard should not let a drop of water or a speck of mud pass it by. I note with interest that a French body, the Automobile Club de Seine et Oise, are about to organise mudguard trials, and cordially invite all inventors to enter their devices. If efficient mudguards are desirable in France, then they are doubly so in our weeping climate, and the R.A.C. might follow the example of the French Departmental Club.

* * * * *

I think it was Mulvaney, of blessed memory, who once said that, had the British Army waited for reinforcements, the frontier of the Empire would have stopped at Brighton Beach. Equally so would the wonderful progress of the automobile have been arrested if the daring, practical men had waited for the approval and confirmation of the theorists. Ignorance and much daring will carry men far at times, as they have been carried in the development of the bicycle and the automobile. Theoretically, to carry a man in safety a bicycle should be everywhere ten times stronger than it is, while the modern 15-h.p. motor-car should weigh something more than a motor-omnibus to be at all secure—theoretically. This is not to suggest that we have nothing for which to thank the theorists. On the contrary; but if the practical engineer had always consulted them before he made any departure in design we should still be a long way from the aeroplane-engine weighing $2\frac{1}{2}$ and $2\frac{3}{4}$ lb. per horse-power. Also, the reciprocating parts of the car-engine, which have been lightened and lightened in quite a bewildering manner, would have retained their ancient ponderosity, and consequent vibration.

* * * *

It would appear that the electric lighting of motor-cars both inside and out is not to be achieved without gas competition, in the United States at least. Reading the most interesting paper given by Mr. Howard E. Coffin, M.S.A.E., before the Institution of Automobile Engineers, upon the occasion of the visit of the American automobile engineers to this country and the Continent, I came across a mention of certain gas-lighting improvements whereby, by a single switch movement from the seat, one can turn on and light all the acetylene-gas lamps on one's car. It is exasperating that Mr. Coffin merely mentions the existence of such devices on the other side of the Atlantic, and neither names nor details this convenient and desirable apparatus. He speaks of the common use of an acetylene self-starter which can be used in combination with gas-lighting, and the fact that small gas-tanks holding sufficient acetylene-gas for from one to two months' lighting, or for three thousand engine-starts, can be had in every village and hamlet in the entire country. If such conveniences do not contravene the terms of some repressive Act or other in this country, perhaps some enterprising person will reap gain and fame by establishing the system here.

STORM-HAVOC ON SCOTTISH ROADS: AN ARGYLL CAR BEING TESTED AFTER THE RECENT GALES.

The photograph was taken after the recent storm, and shows the condition of the roads in the neighbourhood of the Argyll works. In parts these roads were flooded to a depth of two feet, making motor transport almost impossible. The car shown is an Argyll single sleeve-valve undergoing tests.

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Use Only

CUTICURA SOAP

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Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-p. book post free from nearest depot: Newbery, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London; R. Towns & Co., Sydney, N.S.W.; Lennon, Ltd., Cape Town; Muller, Maclean & Co., Calcutta & Bombay; "Cuticura," Boston, U.S.A. Tender-faced men should use Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick. Makes shaving a pleasure instead of torture.

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GRAND HOTEL and HOTEL des ALPES.

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Newly built with all up-to-date requirements. Suites; Double and Single Bedrooms with Lavatories, Bath and Dressing Rooms attached. Best position on the Lake. Best Winter Society.

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Whitens & beautifies The TEETH

Prevents decay eradicates Tartar. Polishes & preserves the Enamel.

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STAR SAFETY RAZORS

are famous for quick, easy, clean shaving.

This is because they are fitted with perfectly tempered Hollow-Ground Blades which will last a lifetime.

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HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing and refreshing.

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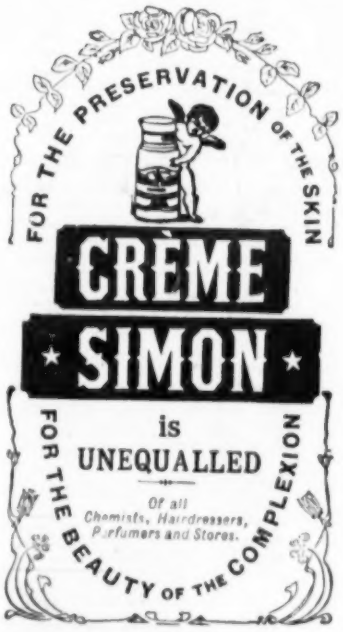

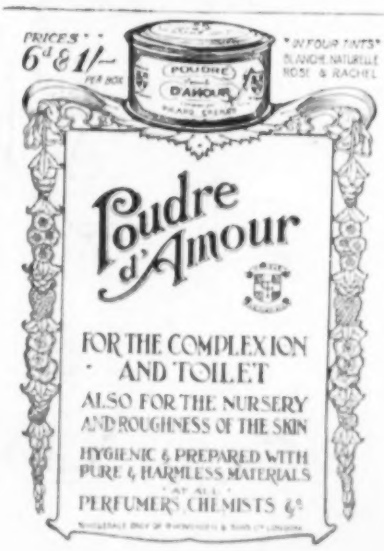

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXCEPTIONALLY full and attractive is the December list of records issued by the Gramophone Company. The list is divided into sections containing all the newest records, specially selected as suitable for the present season. There is also a separate list of five new records by the great operatic contralto, Mme. Kirkby Lunn, which comprise airs from "Faust," "Carmen," Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," "Il Trovatore," and "Samson et Delilah." In the general list the band-music includes Mozart's "Figaro" Overture and Sibelius's symphonic poem, "Finlandia," played by the New Symphony Orchestra, and selections from Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" by the Mayfair Orchestra. The Coldstream Band gives two items from Handel. Among many other songs may be mentioned "Star of Bethlehem," sung by Mr. Evan Williams (tenor); "Absent yet Present," sung by Mr. Gervase Elwes (tenor); and a quartet of Church music, by Miss Perceval Allen, Mme. Edna Thornton, Mr. John Harrison, and Mr. Robert Radford. Other sections of the list contain Christmas records, humorous records, and Scottish records, too many to enumerate here. Suffice it to say that the December list of the Gramophone Company is well worth consulting.

One of the latest claimants to popular favour among cigarette-smokers is the Matinée Cigarette. Although it has been only a comparatively short time on the market, it has already achieved a considerable vogue, due, no doubt, to the skilful blending of the fine Turkish tobacco leaf from which it is manufactured. Those who already appreciate a Turkish cigarette will appreciate still more the Matinée. Those who have not yet found out for themselves the distinctive charm of Turkish tobaccos, blended by experts who have made a life study of the art, will get a good first impression if they begin with the Matinée brand.

(Photo. Campbell-Gray.)

A STAGE SCENE MODELLED ON A FAMOUS PICTURE: THE AWAKENING OF THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, IN "THE GOLDEN LAND OF FAIRY TALES," AT THE ALDWYCH THEATRE.

The scene at the awakening of the Sleeping Beauty, in "The Golden Land of Fairy Tales," at the Aldwych Theatre, is modelled on one of the well-known series of pictures by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, called "The Briar Rose." It is interesting also to contrast it with Tennyson's description in "The Day-Dream": "A touch, a kiss! the charm was snapt. There rose a noise of striking clocks, And feet that ran, and doors that clapt, And barking dogs, and crowing cocks; A fuller light illumined all, A breeze thro' all the garden swept, A sudden bubbub shook the hall, And sixty feet the fountain leapt."

If we are right in thinking that the Misses Eyre, who gave a concert at the Æolian Hall last week, are the daughters of Mr. Alfred Eyre, who was for so long the organist at the Crystal Palace, their exceptional gifts must be, in part at least, hereditary. Two of them play the piano, one is a violinist, and another a 'cellist; three of them sing, and their mother acted as accompanist. It is not the quantity of achievement but the quality that tells, and certainly these ladies touched nothing they did not adorn. Their programme showed their classical taste, and their rendering was in each case worthy of the music chosen. It is matter for regret that these gifted performers do not give us more often a taste of their quality.

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"English Clubs," a list of over 4000 Clubs frequented by the English in all parts of the world, for 1912, has just been published by Messrs. Spottiswoode and Co., Ltd., and is edited by Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, M.A. There are included in it, of course, London and Provincial Clubs in England, and a special feature is made of those in the Colonies, India, and on the Continent, besides which some 2000 Golf Clubs are mentioned and 500 Ladies' Clubs. There are about a dozen English Clubs in China, including a Golf Club at Hankau. Tripoli does not yet possess one. The price of this useful work is 3s. 6d.

Appeal is being made on behalf of the three hundred sailors' orphans left destitute, and now in the care of the Royal Merchant Seamen's Orphanage at Snaresbrook, a national institution for which funds are most urgently needed. There is, perhaps, no class more deserving of an island community's sympathy than the sailors who bring our necessities of life from across the seas, always at the peril of their lives, and at the risk of their children's bread. Donations and subscriptions will be thankfully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, Mr. F. W. Rawlinson, at the offices, Dixon House, Lloyd's Avenue, E.C.

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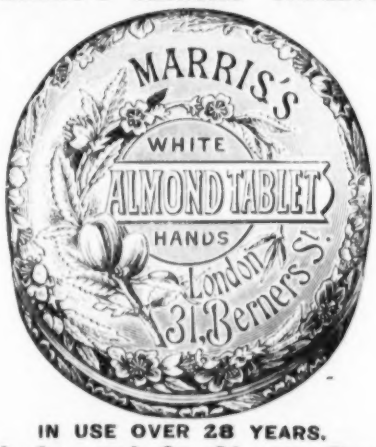

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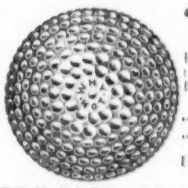

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